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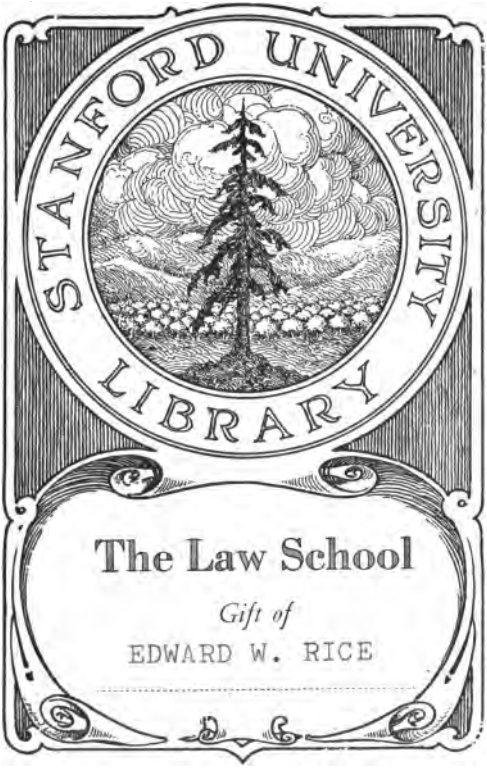

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THE

WORKS

OF THE LATE

John MacLaurin, Esq.

OF DREGHORN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

Dreghorn, John Maclaurin
1

THE

WORKS

OF THE LATE

JOHN MACLAURIN, Esq.

OF DREGHORN:

ONE OF THE SENATORS

OF THE COLLEGE OF JUSTICE,

AND

F. R. S. EDINR.

"Chaque homme ecrit ce qu'il pense dans ses meilleurs moments, & ras-
"semble à un certain age les reflections les plus epurées qu'il a eues pen-
"dant sa vie. Avant sa mort il en forme un livre plus ou moins gros,
"selon sa maniere de voir & de s'exprimer: ce livre est l'ame du de-
"funt.

MERCIER, l'an, 2440. tom. i.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

PREFACE, by the Editor - - Page i
Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, v
Preface, written by the Author, - - 1
Lyroclaſtes, - - - - - - - 2
Advice to a Young Poet, - - - 6
To Money, - - - - - - - 7
The Signs diſcontented, - - - 9
A Converſation with Cupid, - - - 10
Cupid, a Patient, - - - - - 13
Verſes to Miſs ——, - - - - 15
On Strange's Print of Apollo rewarding Merit, 16
The Beſt Argument, - - - - - ib
Verſes written on a blank Leaf of Prior's Poems, 18
The Walk, - - - - - - - ib.
Epitaph on Profeſſor MacLaurin, - - 22
Ditto in Engliſh, - - - - - 23
Ennui, - - - - - - - 24
On Johnſon's Dictionary, - - - 29
Elegy, - - - - - - - 32
A Song, inſcribed to James Boſwell, Eſq. 36

CONTENTS OF VOL. I.

A Birth-Day Ode, in honour of the late Andrew Croſby, Eſq Advocate, - - - P. 38
Elegy on Patronage, - - - - 43
Thoughts on Divorces, - - - 45
Pro and Con, - - - - - 48
Song, (tune, Laird of Roſlin's Daughter) 52
Laſt Speech of a Soldier, - - - 56
Verſes on a Gate in Hope Park, - - 57
Thoughts on l'Hiſtoire Generale des Voyages, 59
The Story of Zeyn Alaznam, - - 64
Farewell to the Country, - - - 99
De Luco Amæno, imitated, - - - 100
On Emigrations, - - - - - ib.
The Wiſh, a Song, - - - - 101
The Diſappointed Epicures, - - - 103
The New Divinity, - - - - 106
The Man of the Woods, - - - 107
Card from a Lady, - - - - 109
Song on Lady Wallace, - - - 110
To the ſame, - - - - - 112
The Parliamentary Duelliſts, - - 113
Epitaph on Dr Young, - - - 115
Ditto in French, - - - - - 116
Ditto on Mrs MacLaurin, - - - 117
From the Adriano Metaſtaſio, - - 119
On the Niche in the Dining-Room at Dreghorn, 120
On the Statue there, by a Lady, - - 121
The cruel Viſit, - - - - - ib.
Verſes on a Piano-Forte, - - - 122

The

Contents of Vol. I.

The reformed Judicature, - - - - P. 123
A Pacific Propoſal, - - - - 124
On Mr Burke, - - - - - - 125
Night, - - - - - - - 126
The Lord Ordinary, - - - - 127
To Mr Powel, - - - - - 128
Ode to Peter Pindar, - - - - 129
To a Young Gentleman, - - - 131
To Mr H. S. with butter, - - - 134
Imitation of a French Epigram, - - ibid.
Extempore Verſes, - - - - 135
Verſes on a Poſt-Houſe at Northallerton, 136
Ode to War, - - - - - - 154
The Public, a Tragedy, - - - 137
An Epiſtle to Dr Blacklock, - - - 142
The Metamorphoſis, - - - - 145
The Reſpectful Lover, - - - - 147
A Song, - - - - - - - 149
On the Statue at St Bernard's Well, - 152

ERRATA, VOL. I.

Page 13. title, *for* Cupid, a Patient to Dr Taylor, *read* Cupid, a Patient, inſcribed to Dr Taylor.
Page 15. ditto, *for* Fragments of Iriſh, *read* Fragments of Highland Poetry.
Page 28. line 21. *for* even, *read* e'en.
Page 39. line 3. *for* Vinter, *read* Vintner.
Page 45. notes, *for* three Judges, *read* four Judges.
Page 54. line 4. *for* Stuart La', *read* Stuart Ha.
Page 58. line 15. *for* tranſports, *read* tranſport's.
Page 67. line 19. *for* unintermitting, *read* everlaſting.
Page 72. line 12. *for* Had each, *read* Bore each.
Page 74. line 5. *for* Entreating, *read* Entreated.
Page 93. line 5. *for* 'Twere but ſuperfluous, *read* It would be needleſs.
Page 94. line 19. *for* late lovely, *read* bewitching.
Page 98. line 8. *for* trial's, *read* trials.
Page 109. line 6. from the bottom, *for* ould, *read* Would.
Page 142. title, *for* made by the Doctor to his Wife, *read* Inſcribed by the Doctor to his Wife.
Page 143. line 3. *for* My inclination Law, *read* My inclination, Law and Care oppoſe
Page 146. line 5. *for* To pleaſe thee, *read* To win thee.
Page 162. motto *for* civis, *read* cives
Page 177. line 5. *for* reſipiſcnce, *read* reſipiſcence.
Page 180. line 17. *for* naturaliſt, *read* nat'raliſt.
Page 181. line 8. *for* Unniformity, *read* Uniformity.

THE

PREFACE,

BY THE EDITOR.

It is too often the fate of men, whatever their ſituation or talents are, to be the prey of Slander and Malice. If any favoured being happens at a time to ſoar above the common herd of mankind, then the tongue of Scandal is ever ready to blaſt his merit: Virtue herſelf has not hitherto had the good fortune to eſcape the latent toils of envy, nor the ſting of malevolence; and the misfortune is, that the ſilent grave is often not able to ſcreen the dead from the darts of calumny.

Such is the common, though hard lot of mankind. But of all thoſe who have been obliged to ſink under the preſſure of theſe evils incident to humanity, there are none who have ſuffered more than ſuch as genius has prompted to become authors.—They are continually ſubject to the ridicule

of the dull and illiterate, to the ſecret ſneers of jealous rivals, and to the ſevere laſh of learned, but too often partial, critics.

What makes the ſituation of writers truly lamentable is, that, in general, their object is to afford either inſtruction or amuſement to the reader; and yet (ſuch is the ingratitude of man) they have in return uſually received, inſtead of reward, nothing but the malignant reproaches of the enlightened, or the ſcurrilous, though impotent, abuſe of the uninformed. Hence authors have found, with regret, that even in the Republic of Letters, Deſpotiſm frequently wields her iron rod, and wounds, without diſtinction, the reputation of the meritorious and unworthy writer.

Since this is the cruel lot of authors, and as even the beſt writings have not been able to find a refuge under the banners of literature, from the cenſure of Ignorance, or the perſecution of Envy, it certainly cannot be expected that the writer of theſe volumes, even when no more, ſhould eſcape the laſh of inquiſitive criticiſm; eſpecially as a number

ber of new, and certainly bold, opinions, very oppoſite to the ſentiments of the world, are ſupported by the author. It may, however, be proper to mention, that (whatever ſhall be their fate) they were entertained by him from no bad motive, but flowed from the pen of one neither too ſolicitous of literary fame nor of popular favour.

Although there will be found in this publication no complete ſyſtem of philoſophy, law, religion, or politicks, it is however hoped, that the reader will not treat the work on that account with marked contempt; as it is conceived, that it may be found ſomewhat uſeful and entertaining, though it happen not to be digeſted into a ſyſtematic form: for the editor preſumes to think, that, from theſe pages, the politician and theologian may receive ſome inſtruction; the lawyer and philoſopher ſome information; and the man of ſcience and letters, not a little amuſement.

To ſay, however, that the work is not defective in many particulars, would be the greateſt folly and preſumption. The editor

therefore afraid, (he had almoſt ſaid, conſcious of faults) offers the book to the public with not a little anxiety and diffidence; but he truſts, that every candid reader will impute any trifling errors that may occur, not to the author, but to him, who, from having found the manuſcript in a very confuſed ſtate, had great difficulty, while tranſcribing it, in avoiding miſtakes.

EDINBURGH,
February 1798.

AN

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE AND WRITINGS

OF THE

AUTHOR.

——— Cui Pudor, et Juſtitiæ Soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas.

Hor. Lib. I. Ode 24.

JOHN MACLAURIN, afterwards Lord Dreghorn, was born at Edinburgh on the 15th December 1734, O. S. He was the eldeſt ſon of the celebrated Colin MacLaurin, Profeſſor of Mathematics in that Univerſity: and of Anne Stewart, daughter of Mr Walter Stewart of Stewarthall, in Stirlingſhire, for ſome time his Majeſty's Solicitor General for Scotland, in the reign of George the Firſt.

The

The exertions which Profeſſor MacLaurin had made in the year 1745, by planning the fortifications of the town of Edinburgh, in order to put it in a ſtate of defence againſt the rebels, obliged him to fly his native country when the army of the Pretender advanced thither. Thus exiled, he took refuge in the hoſpitable manſion of Dr Heron, then Archbiſhop of York, where he found a ſafe aſylum; but upon his return to his country after the rebellion ceaſed, from having caught a cold on the journey, he was attacked with a dropſy, which proved mortal, in the year 1746. As he was a man of no penurious diſpoſition, he left his family, conſiſting of a widow, two ſons, and three daughters, but indifferently provided: his name, and a ſmall eſtate in Berwickſhire, were their only inheritance. The former was indeed a great one; but, to our author and his brother, on account of their youth, of little avail: the latter yielded no more than a bare competence for the education and maintenance of the family.

The attention and friendſhip which the good Archbiſhop of York had ſhewn to the father,

father, when a patriot refugee, was, at his death, transferred with generous remembrance to his ſons. His Grace, deſirous of having the ſuperintendance of their education, after conſulting with Mrs MacLaurin, uſed his intereſt to procure admiſſion for our author and his younger brother into the Charter-houſe in London. His exertions, however, were unavailing, for it happened that the former was too old, the latter too young, to be admitted.

It was on this account reſolved that our author ſhould be educated in Scotland; and accordingly, at the uſual age, he was put to the high ſchool of Edinburgh, to learn the rudiments of the Latin language. Here he continued five years, (five miſerable years he uſed to call them) making a very great proficiency in the language; not by labour or uncommon application, but in conſequence of that vigour and quickneſs of apprehenſion which nature had beſtowed upon him with ſo profuſe a hand: for, though it is true that the idleneſs and inattention excuſeable at that early age prevented him often from acquiring, and almoſt always from retain-

retaining that great ſuperiority of rank in the claſs which his parts and knowledge entitled him to hold; yet ſuch was his acuteneſs, that, even when lured from his book by boyiſh frolics, he was always able to keep a very reſpectable place at ſchool.

At this very early period of life, he diſplayed a natural turn for poetical compoſition, and, among his ſchool-fellows, was diſtinguiſhed by the name of Poet. Indeed our author had not only an early, but a conſtant attachment to the Muſes, and it may, therefore, be thought ſurpriſing, that he did not exert his poetical talents more than he has done; and that what he has written is chiefly upon local ſubjects, and ſuch as probably, in theſe times, will not pleaſe the Republic of Letters.

Our author afterwards went through the uſual academical courſe at the Univerſity of Edinburgh, where he ſtill continued to make a very great proficiency in the learned languages. He diſtinguiſhed himſelf alſo in the different ſciences to which he then bent his attention; although he uſed often to

to mention, with regret, that he did not make ſo rapid a progreſs in theſe as he would have wiſhed, from having been ſent to college at too early an age to be able to enter fully into the abſtruſe ſtudies which are underſtood to form an eſſential part of an univerſity education.

The pleaſure our author had in reading debates, ancient and modern, and in hearing the pleadings at the Scotch bar, made him deſirous of following the profeſſion of a Barriſter; although he was diſſuaded from it, on account of the narrowneſs of his fortune, and the want of powerful connections to puſh him forward: his friends had intended him for the Church, but the gravity of a clergyman was not ſuited to his lively temper. He determined, however, to be guided by his own inclination; and accordingly, after ſtudying and making himſelf perfectly maſter of the Civil and Scotch Law, he was, in Auguſt 1756, admitted a member of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. Previous to this, he, at leiſure hours, overcame the fatigue of legal ſtudy, by occaſionally indulging himſelf in peruſing his fa-

vourite claſſics, and improving his taſte for the muſes.

The firſt practice he had at the bar was before the General Aſſembly of the Church of Scotland; a court which, from its popular conſtitution, young Barriſters are accuſtomed to conſider as one of the beſt theatres which this part of the iſland affords for diſplaying their abilities. In this Houſe he was always employed on the ſide of Oppoſition, that is, the party which oppoſe the ſettlement of miniſters in churches by preſentation from patrons; and he ſoon diſtinguiſhed himſelf in his pleadings and writings, by brilliancy of wit, and force of argument.

Such promiſing talents were not long unrewarded; for, in the courſe of a few years, they were the means of introducing him into very conſiderable practice, both before the Civil and Criminal Courts of his country.

It was not as a mere lawyer that he acquired reputation in the world; for, by means of his abilities, learning, and urbanity, he ſoon gained the acquaintance and friendſhip of

of men of rank, fortune, talents, and literature; and, as he often with pleaſure mentioned, it was the intimate friendſhip of a few of theſe that was the greateſt ſolace he had in the decline of life.

In June 1762, Mr MacLaurin married Miſs Eſther Cunninghame, ſecond daughter of Dr George Cunninghame, phyſician in Edinburgh, by whom he had ten children, five ſons and five daughters. With this amiable woman he lived in the utmoſt ſtate of conjugal felicity till the year 1780, when ſhe was cut off by a putrid fever, caught from a favourite ſon, whom ſhe ſurvived only a few hours. This was an irretrievable loſs to our author and his numerous young family. How much his fine feelings were wounded by this ſevere blow, appears evident from the epitaph he wrote and intended for her tomb ſome years after*, in which he very juſtly and pathetically aſſerts, that her only failing was "too much ſenſibility."

* See vol. I. p. 118.

In 1782 a Royal Society was eſtabliſhed in Edinburgh, compoſed of all the men of learning and genius in the country. Mr MacLaurin had the honour of being appointed one of the conſtituent members of this inſtitution, in the royal charter which was procured for it, and ſoon after read before them an Eſſay to prove that Troy was not taken by the Greeks.

After having, for many years, practiſed with great aſſiduity and ſucceſs at the Scotch bar, and having at laſt forgot the griefs of a huſband in the cares of a father, he was promoted to the Bench, through the intereſt of his friend the Right Honourable Henry Dundas, at preſent one of his Majeſty's Secretaries of State; and in January 1788 took his ſeat as a Senator of the College of Juſtice, under the title of Lord Dreghorn; a title he aſſumed from a villa near Edinburgh, which he purchaſed upon the ſale of his paternal eſtate a conſiderable time before. Being ſituated about five miles from the metropolis, it afforded him, in the time of vacation, an agreeable retreat from buſineſs, and enabled him to enjoy, in retirement, thoſe

thoſe claſſical authors which were his chief companions and comforters in the evening of his days. During the enjoyment, for nearly nine years, of the judicial truſt committed to him, he had the ſatisfaction to find, that the efforts he made as a Judge in the impartial adminiſtration of juſtice, obtained the univerſal approbation of the practitioners of Court, and of the public at large.

In 1791 domeſtic diſtreſs again embittered his happineſs, in conſequence of the death of his eldeſt daughter, who caught the infection of a putrid fever, in paying the laſt tribute of affection to a dying brother. The father too, in the utmoſt grief, was attacked with a ſlow fever, from which, he imagined, he never entirely recovered.

His attention, however, to the duties of his office, continued unabated, till 1796, when (on December 24th) he died of a putrid fever, aged nearly ſixty-two, leaving two ſons and a daughter. He was interred in the Grey-friars church yard, in the ſame grave with his father.

Mr

Mr MacLaurin was a thin ſpare man, nearly ſix feet high: in his face there was ſomething very expreſſive; in his figure ſomething eccentric, but both were ſtriking and intereſting; and thoſe who have ſeen and known him, will probably acknowledge the truth of the common obſervation, that there is always ſomething remarkable in the appearance of a man of genius.

The prominent features in Mr MacLaurin's character were, vivacity and quickneſs of apprehenſion: he was a tolerable Greek, an excellent Latin ſcholar. In the latter part of his life, he employed a great part of his leiſure hours in ſtudying the French language, from having a great taſte for French literature. Though no foreigner can acquire a knowledge of that language ſufficient to enable him to write it correctly, yet he tranſlated moſt of his poetical, and many of his proſe pieces into French, and thus loſt the moſt precious hours of his life in a labour which muſt have been no leſs tedious than unavailing: he, however, could converſe in this language fluently enough, and underſtood a little of the Italian.

He

He had a moſt retentive memory; few men read more, none retained what they read better: he never was at a loſs for ſome appoſite quotation from claſſical authors, eſpecially from the Latin poets; in his ſelection of theſe he was peculiarly happy; they gave eaſe and grace to his pleadings, force and elegance to his writings.

Mr MacLaurin had aſſociated with the firſt people of rank and abilities in the country, and was a member of moſt of the clubs compoſed of the Wits of the day. His learning introduced him into the ſociety of the grave, his vivacity recommended him to the company of the gay: domeſtic diſtreſs indeed made him become retired and abſtemious.

For the laſt few years of his life he ſeldom dined from home; a habit of ſtudy leading him to fly the buſtle of the world, and to ſeek in books and contemplation, pleaſures more congenial to his ſoul. In company, he grew latterly, for the moſt part, ſilent and reſerved; but when he choſe to unbend, (as at times he would,) no perſon made a more agreeable companion, or was

better

better qualified to promote convivial converſation.

He was remarkably ſuſceptible of cold, and very apprehenſive when the leaſt ailment ſeized him: he was rather hot and haſty in his temper; but being naturally good-humoured, paſſion, in him, was no ſooner raiſed than it was quelled. He was an affectionate huſband, an indulgent father, a kind brother, and an eaſy maſter.

As a Lawyer, Mr MacLaurin always had a moſt reſpectable character. Though he was not remarkable for oratorical powers, yet his figure and action were graceful enough: his voice, though not ſtrong, was agreeable; but, from the want of teeth, rendered rather monotonous. If he wanted manner in his pleadings, he ſupplied the defect by the matter: a profound knowledge of the law, together with an extenſive acquaintance with the world, ſound argument, ſterling wit, elegant, often eloquent language, commanded attention, and enforced conviction. His papers were written in a clear, energetic ſtyle; replete with legal knowledge, and

graced

graced with claſſical alluſions: argumentative, never verboſe; adorned, never overloaded with wit.

As a Judge, he was high in public eſteem; he had a clear head, and a ſound underſtanding: he heard with patience, and determined with deliberation. Conſcience was his guide, and Juſtice his aim. His quickneſs and penetration gave diſpatch to buſineſs, and made the burden, which was heavy upon others who did leſs, ſit light upon him who did more: his only failing (if it can be conſidered as ſuch) was a ſeeming unſteadineſs of opinion, which proceeded from the moſt anxious deſire to find out the truth, and to diſcharge his duty with impartiality. Human judgment in the beſt will err, but he is an upright judge whoſe conſcience, though he may ſometimes be wrong, cannot upbraid him.

Mr MacLaurin, from his earlieſt years, was the friend and lover of liberty; and wherever he found oppreſſion, he was an advocate againſt it: from his extenſive reading, he had acquired a liberality of mind,

and independence of ſpirit, which made him think and judge for himſelf; the welfare and happineſs of mankind were the great objects of his ſpeculations: he was jealous of the encroachments of the Crown, and regarded as unjuſtifiable every attempt to oppreſs the people.

He had ſeen America ſtruggle for independence; he predicted the conſequence of the fatal meaſures purſued againſt her; and with thoſe who thought as he did, he ſhared the obloquy of the day: he ſaw America ſucceſsful, he could not but rejoice in the event. He lived to ſee another revolution; monarchy aboliſhed, and a ſtruggle for a republic, in France: he lamented the cruelties that were exerciſed in this bold attempt: he pitied the monarch who fell; he looked forward with anxiety to the new government: he beheld, in the dawning republic, a nation contending for its freedom; and an audacious experiment attempted,—the reformation of mankind: he thought the old ſyſtem in France bad, what the new one would be no man could predict. The armed coalition he viewed with indig-

indignant regret: the attempt to cruſh that diſtracted country, to him appeared unjuſt and impolitic: left to themſelves a ſhort time, he thought, would determine both the fate of that great empire, and alſo the hitherto problematical queſtion, whether an extenſive nation can enjoy the republican form of government? He always thought, if foreign powers had not interfered in order to reſtore the old ſyſtem, a civil war was inevitable: it would be bloody, but could not be long. He foreſaw, that the powers of Europe coaleſced, would make France, to a man, rally round the ſtandard of Liberty; and accordingly, he beheld the beſt diſciplined armies in the world fall before raw and unexperienced republicans: the Continent was deluged with blood, and the genius of Liberty ſoaring triumphant, threatened to revolutioniſe the globe.

Mr MacLaurin beheld the conduct of his own country with the ſincereſt ſorrow: he condemned her Miniſters for taking part in the conteſt with France: the Britiſh Conſtitution was the envy of the world: Britons were proud of their Government, be-

cauſe they lived happy under it. He ſaw his country recover from the diſtreſs which the American war had occaſioned: many peaceful years had recruited her ſtrength, increaſed her reſources, and made her miſtreſs of the commerce of the world: he was ſorry to ſee her Miniſters, all at once, raſhly endanger her proſperity, ruſh headlong into the bloody conteſt, and, without endeavouring to prevent the monarchy of France from falling, fooliſhly attempt to reſtore it. The various pretexts for carrying on the war he condemned, and reprobated the conduct of Miniſtry for interfering in it at all: exclaiming often with Lucan, *bella nullos habitura triumphos*. He alſo diſapproved of their meaſures at home no leſs than of their operations abroad: ſwayed by no party, biaſſed by no mercenary motives, the fate of his country rouſed his ſenſibility. Placed in a high public ſtation, while he diſcharged his duty with fidelity, he would not ſhrink at the nod of Power: he, accordingly, ſhared the fate of thoſe who differed in opinion with the ruling party; he was called a Republican, a Democrat; and it was even inſinuated that he wiſhed for a revolution in this

this country. He was neither Republican nor Democrat; unleſs that man be one, who thinks a nation entitled to maintain its rights, to reſiſt every attempt to enſlave it, and to enjoy the freedom of ſpeech, and the liberty of the preſs: he was convinced of the neceſſity of a radical reform in the Britiſh Parliament, and of abuſes in Government; and he regretted that this had not been done when there was both time and opportunity. To ſuch a height had political animoſity arrived in this country, that Mr MacLaurin at laſt ſhunned mixed companies, indeed all where the converſation was likely to turn upon Politics; and in writing his thoughts upon the intereſting ſcene then paſſing in Europe, he found the chief ſolace of his leiſure hours. He never, however, allowed difference of opinion to interrupt, or diſſolve private friendſhip; he was the friend of liberty, the foe of licentiouſneſs, the follower of truth, the lover of juſtice. Anxious that wrongs ſhould be prevented, eager to ſee them redreſſed: he loved his country, he was ambitious of her welfare: the friend of man, he ſtudied to be his benefactor: conſcious of the rectitude of his principles,

ciples, he was not afraid to avow them, but Prudence made him obſerve a cautious ſilence: the inſinuations which Malice levelled againſt him, he bore with fortitude, and treated with contempt: ſuperior to his enemies, he diſdained to retaliate.

To aſſert, however, that Mr MacLaurin was a perfect character, would be indeed to ſay that he was more than mortal.

As an Author, Mr MacLaurin will, perhaps, make no conſpicuous figure: the only Law works which he publiſhed are,—"A Collection of Criminal Caſes," publiſhed in 1774; to which is prefixed, "A Short Account of the procedure in Criminal Trials, and Conſiderations on ſome Points of the Law of Scotland."

This Collection of Criminal Caſes was the firſt, and, for ſome time, the only one of the kind upon the Criminal Law of Scotland: and of its merit, from the Author's own words, in the concluſion of his Preface, ſome idea may be given:—"There is but little "in this bulky volume that can, properly "ſpeak-

"ſpeaking, be called mine. I have propo-
"ſed but few alterations on our criminal
"law or forms; and preſumed to give an
"opinion but upon two or three ſtriking
"caſes, contenting myſelf as to the reſt with
"ſtating them impartially. I can pretend,
"therefore, to no other merit, than that of
"having taken ſome little trouble to increaſe
"the public ſtock of valuable knowledge:
"That, I am pretty confident, this work,
"though incomplete, will, in ſome meaſure,
"do: for that, I chearfully ſubmitted to be
"the tranſcriber of judgments frequently
"unjuſt, the abridger of arguments often
"abſurd, and the ſad hiſtorian of dooms
"and executions."

The Author's Conſiderations on ſome Points in the Law of Scotland contain many ingenious obſervations; but as they are not of general utility, this performance is but little known; although, perhaps, at a future period, the whole, or the greater part of it, may appear among his law works, which it is in contemplation to publiſh.

Perhaps it is improper to conſider as part of

of the works of Mr MacLaurin any of his profeſſional papers; but there are two which deſerve to be remembered, the Information he wrote for Mungo Campbell, who was tried before the High Court of Juſticiary for the murder of Lord Eglinton; and an Information for Joſeph Knight, a negro, upon the great queſtion, whether a ſlave, upon landing in this country, was entitled to his freedom? The former has been univerſally read, and contributed not a little to raiſe the Author at the bar: the latter is upon a ſubject which all can underſtand, and as it treats, not merely of the particular caſe of the negro for whom it was written, but of the great general queſtion as to the juſtice of aboliſhing the Slave Trade, it may therefore be conſidered as inſtructive and intereſting, at this period, when the fall of negro ſlavery is faſt approaching. It enters very minutely, not only into the argument, but quotes all the noted authors who have written on this truly important ſubject. Mr MacLaurin had been employed in a former caſe, and was retained by the maſter to plead againſt the ſlave; but he having died, no deciſion was given. When the caſe of Knight occur-

occurred, he undertook his cauſe; and having pleaded againſt the ſlave as a lawyer, he rejoiced to have an opportunity of pleading for him as a man. He was aſſiſted in the benevolent undertaking by ſome other Advocates of the firſt eminence at the bar, among whom was Mr Henry Dundas, now one of the Secretaries of State, and another Gentleman, ſince promoted to the Bench.--- Theſe Gentlemen volunteered in the cauſe of Freedom, and the Negro prevailed. The motto Mr MacLaurin prefixed to his Information was taken from Virgil's ſecond Eclogue:

"Quamvis ille niger quamvis tu candidus eſſes;"

which was ſo appoſite to the ſubject, that a Gentleman, intending to pay a compliment to the Author, aſked him if he had made the motto?

The only other works publiſhed by Mr MacLaurin were,—

I. "An Eſſay on Literary Property," publiſhed in 1772; when the queſtion, Whether an author had, at common law, a right of property in his works, independent of the

ſtatute 8th of Queen Anne? came to be tried before the Court of Seſſion in Scotland, betwixt Mr Donaldſon the bookſeller, and others. He pleaded as counſel for the booksellers; and the pleading he made upon the occaſion, the notes of which he preſerved, is now incorporated with the Eſſay he afterwards wrote.

II. "An Eſſay on Patronage," publiſhed in 1766; when the queſtion as to its abolition was keenly agitated before the General Aſſembly of the Church of Scotland: where he exerted himſelf as an advocate for the right in the people to chuſe their own miniſters.

III. "An Eſſay to prove that Troy was not taken by the Greeks," printed in the firſt volume of the Tranſactions of the Royal Society at Edinburgh. As he did not eſpouſe the popular opinion in this diſſertation, it may, perhaps, pleaſe the lovers of literature to read the ſentiments which two of the moſt celebrated characters this country has produced, entertained of its merit, Dr Adam Smith, the author of the Wealth of Nations; and

and Dr William Robertſon, the Hiſtorian; to whom it was ſubmitted previous to his reading it before the Society. From Dr Smith he received the following letter:---

"I have read your Diſſertation twice over, "with great pleaſure; and I ſo far agree "with you, as to be ſatisfied that there is "not one ſingle fact relating to the Trojan "war, of which the hiſtorical truth can, "even in its moſt eſſential circumſtances, be "at all depended on. To ſuppoſe, however, "that it is more probable that Helen was "an honeſt woman, that Hector killed Achil-"les, and that Troy was not taken, than the "oppoſite events, I ſuſpect is rather a ſtrong "concluſion. I am totally unacquainted "with the writings of Dion Chryſoſtom."

Dr Robertſon, with the Eſſay, ſent this card: "Dr Robertſon preſents his beſt compli-"ments to Mr MacLaurin;---he returns his "papers, which he has peruſed a ſecond time "with growing ſatisfaction. In reading, he "has made a few verbal ſtrictures, hardly "worth ſending to him; he will adopt or "reject them, as he ſees meet. Dr Robert-"ſon is ſtill of opinion, that if the paper "were introduced with a proper encomium

" on Homer's poetical talents, the critique " upon his credit as a Hiſtorian will give " leſs offence, and have greater effect: with- " out ſome ſoftening preamble of the kind, " Dr Robertſon is afraid, that all the Ido- " laters of Greek will raiſe the cry of *Blaſ-* " *phemy*, and that Literature is in danger."

Mr MacLaurin, during the years 1792, 93, 94, and 95, kept a journal, or diary, in which he recorded the various events that happened in Europe during that period; and wrote his obſervations upon them with the greateſt freedom. He has left ſeveral folio volumes, containing thoughts on the times; upon one of which there is the following note, of his own hand-writing:—I find " much ſatisfaction in writing theſe thoughts " on the times: it occupies a leiſure hour, " and gives vent to my feelings and emo- " tions, occaſioned by the great events which " at preſent agitate Europe. My ſituation is " ſuch, that I think it would not be wiſe or " proper to ſpeak them out in public at pre- " ſent, and it is a chance if ever it ſhall be " ſo during my life. I conſider myſelf as " talking to the man of times to come, but

" I have

"I have taken no pains in the ſtyle. I could "not do ſo, but either with immenſe trou- "ble, or by employing an amanuenſis; and "that, the nature of the ſubject, and free- "dom with which it is treated, forbade."— From theſe volumes he made a ſelection, with the intention that they ſhould be publiſhed after his death, which, in obedience to his directions, is now done.

The poetical works of Mr MacLaurin are not very numerous. He diſliked long poems; and thoſe he wrote were generally of an epigrammatic turn. He kept a preſs, many years ago, for his amuſement, and printed a collection of the poems that he had then written, which he diſtributed among his friends. A great many of his pieces are to be found in a collection, by Gentlemen in Scotland, printed at Edinburgh in 1760; and he occaſionally contributed verſes to the magazines, and other periodical publications of the day. The greateſt part of theſe are to be found in this work.

The Editor had it in his power to increaſe the number, by the addition of a few levities,

ties, which, although not intended by the Author for publication, are, perhaps, the moſt finiſhed of his productions; but he was reſtrained by the conſideration, that a lively fancy, when allowed to indulge itſelf at freedom, will ſometimes produce fruit that can only be reliſhed in private. On the Ode to War, and the Addreſs to the Powers at War, he beſtowed much pains; they are the laſt, and perhaps the moſt beautiful effuſions of his muſe. Though he has written in the different kinds of meaſure, that of theſe two odes was what he moſt admired: he was ſenſible that they were too long for that ſpecies of compoſition, indeed longer than he thought any poem ſhould be; but inſpired by the ſubject, he diſregarded, and forgot the fettered rules of criticiſm, and let looſe his fancy to indulge his feelings.

There is one piece, of which, ſince Mr MacLaurin's death, the Editor has diſcovered he was the Author.—It is entituled the Philoſopher, an Opera, in two acts, and is a ſevere ſatire againſt two authors, whoſe works have done honour to their country, Mr David Hume, the celebrated Hiſtorian; and

and Mr John Home, the well-known author of the Tragedy of Douglas. It was written when that Tragedy firſt made its appearance. The perſecution which the author of Douglas experienced in conſequence of the publication of that piece, is well known. Much abuſe was levelled againſt him; and among thoſe who ſtooped to uſe the pen of a ſatiriſt, was Mr MacLaurin: he was at this time, it muſt be remarked, a very young man, under the tuition and influence of his mother, who, though poſſeſſed of no inconſiderable ſhare of genius, could not be reconciled to the idea of a Miniſter of the Goſpel writing a Play. By her perſuaſions, it ſeems, he was inſtigated to attack the author of Douglas; it is not probable he would have written this ſatire from any other motive. Though a man may ſometimes write to indulge his fancy without meaning to offend, Mr MacLaurin's liberal mind could never have ſuffered him thus publicly to attack a man for his opinions, or ſtop genius in its career, whatever the profeſſion of the author might be; beſides, himſelf a poet, it cannot be ſuppoſed he would intentionally injure a man whoſe works add-

ed

ed luſtre to poetry. Mr MacLaurin, however, in maturer years, became, in many of his opinions, a diſciple of the philoſopher, and an admirer of the poet: conſcious he had acted wrong in writing this Opera, he never mentioned or wiſhed to ſee it, and has never been heard to avow it. The author of Douglas is revenged for the unmerited perſecution he met with: a generous Prince rewarded his ſufferings, and popular applauſe has ſanctioned his fame. Though the publication of this Opera might now give no offence, the writer of ſuch a Tragedy being ſuperior to ſatire, yet, from reſpect to the feelings of the living, and the memory of the dead, it is thought more proper not to revive it; and on that account, whatever intrinſic merit it may have, the Editor is determined never to publiſh it.

Of the merit of either the poetical or proſe works, the Editor inclines to ſay nothing, for the critical reader will, no doubt, judge with impartiality and temper, of a poſthumous publication.

PREFACE.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR.

READER, this little volume, but contains
A ſcanty portion of the Author's ſtrains;
More he compos'd, when young he play'd the fool,
Led by the gay enchantreſs, Ridicule;
But, now repentant, moſt of thoſe he blames,
And ſternly dooms them to devouring flames;
Tho' he regrets their deſtiny ſevere,
And his fond eye drops a parental tear.
Such feelings Abra'm, Jephthah ſuch betray'd;
The father murmur'd, but the ſaint obey'd.
If in theſe pages ſometimes there be found
A line imperfect, or diſcordant ſound,
Do not deride, but diſregard the flaw,
His country, Scotland; his profeſſion, Law;
The firſt invidious, labour'd, as he ſung,
To hide the graces of the Engliſh tongue;
The niggard laſt, deny'd ſufficient time
To ſmooth the verſe, and modulate the rhyme.

POEMS.

LYROCLASTES.

A LAMENTATION ON A BASE VIOL,

BROKEN BY

A SHORT-SIGHTED GENTLEMAN WHO SAT DOWN UPON IT.

WRITTEN IN 1755.

Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub umbras. VIRG.

Good Heav'ns! my Baſe in ſhivers ſtrews the floor;
The bridge, the neck, the belly, are no more;
And dumb the ſtrings, ſo ready once to roar.

Conſoling Goddeſs, elegiac muſe,
On ſuch occaſion wilt thou help refuſe?
Thou whoſe ſoft ſympathiſing accents flow,
To ſooth diſtreſs, and aid the voice of Woe!
By thee aſſiſted, bards of ancient Rome
Bewail'd a ſparrow's unexpected doom:
For them, thy pow'rs beyond their province went,
But will with me, in character, lament.

Beſides, for what a trifle did they whine?
But this no paultry loſs, nor merely mine,
'Tis a calamity to all the Nine.
Orpheus in tears conſum'd the cloſe of life,
Tho' the ſole cauſe a ſerpent-bitten wife:
His ſongs, how plaintive! and his pangs, how ſharp!
Had his affliction been,—his broken harp.
Poor, harmleſs Viol! may I ſhare thy fate,
If ere for thee my tenderneſs abate!
Can I forget thy reverend grimace,
Thy ſolemn form, and philoſophic face?
Forget thy manly, mellow, moving voice,
Renown'd at once for harmony and noiſe?
Forget the tones thy bow could well prolong;
Sweet, tho' ſonorous; delicate, tho' ſtrong?
Thy notes, tho' wanton, never hurt the ear;
Nor were old Cato's morals more ſevere.
Like Cato, too, thou fled'ſt from ſolitude,
And thought ſociety thy greateſt good:
Thy muſic always help'd another's ſtrain,
And was to fiddles what he was to men.
Rehearſe, Melpomene, in mournful lays,
What ſad miſhap abridg'd the Viol's days.

"Blind men, and thoſe that have their eyes, between,
"More was plac'd in a ſhort-ſighted mean;
"Tir'd

" Tir'd with the tuneful labours of the day,
" As on a chair your Baſe repoſing lay,
" He, whom hard fate urg'd hither to repair,
" The Baſe perceiv'd not, tho' he ſpy'd the chair;
" Then down he ſits; when ſounds that ſcream'd, tho' low,
" And hollow groans, re-echo'd to the blow:
" Cruſh'd was your Viol, by a foul embrace,
" And the ſad ſequel ſtares you in the face."

By female nails has many a viſage bled,
And Engliſh boxers vanquiſh with the head:
But this deſtroyer is of Parthian kind,
Elſe he had never murder'd from behind.
With horror I thy ignominy ſee,
Since male oppreſſion ſuffocated thee.
Had ſome fair ſhe, whoſe ſkin excells the ſnow,
Dealt thy devoted breaſt the fatal blow,
The dear aſſaſſin thou hadſt not withſtood,
But to the laſt preſerv'd thy cheerful mood,
And kiſs'd the weapon rais'd to ſhed thy blood.

ADVICE

TO A

YOUNG POET.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

THE World eſteems ſuch men as are of uſe,
And thoſe derides whoſe talents but amuſe.
Who does not ſmile, while he beholds advance
The man who muſic teaches, or to dance?
In ancient times, as well as in our days,
Nor wealth, nor honour, crown'd the poet's lays.
Homer, whom all your connoiſſeurs admire;
Homer, of bards the venerable ſire,
Was, if to Blackwell credit we allow,
Preciſely what an Iriſh harper's now:
For, void of ſight, and miſerably poor,
He, harp on ſhoulder, ſtroll'd from door to door;
To idle ſervants for a bit of meat,
Of frogs, by mice, rehears'd the droll defeat;
Or fretful children order'd to compoſe,
The fineſt tales of his Odyſſey choſe.
But if the Maſter of the houſe inclin'd,
With hearing muſic, to unbend his mind,

Great

Great Homer then call'd forth his lofty ſtrains,
Sung men and gods at war on Ilion's plains,
And got, perhaps, a ſhilling for his pains.

The reptile Ivy, naturally weak,
A wiſe ambition prompts ſupport to ſeek;
Near ſome high wall, or lofty turret, ſprings,
Wreaths round the one, or to the other clings;
Fed by their moiſture, by their ſtrength ſuſtain'd,
It ſhoots expanſive, till the ſummit's gain'd,
Inſtructs each bard to court the friendly aid
Of ſome more ſerious beneficial trade.

TO

MONEY.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

Te ſpectem, ſuprema mihi cum venerit hora,
Te teneam moriens deficiente manu. TIBULL.

THE Lover's ſenſes equal throbbing feel,
Whether he ſees his fair in diſhabile,
Or when full dreſs each heighten'd beauty ſhews
To rival belles, and complimenting beaux:
So when my trembling hands your perſon ſeize,
And eager graſp you with a loving ſqueeze;
Guinea,

Guinea, or Shilling, you attract my ſight,
More than the ſilver majeſty of night,
Or ev'n the god whoſe golden rays give light.
Neither is this inſatiate paſſion leſs,
When you in paper whimſically dreſs;
Tho' at ſo thin a garment many laugh,
And think your reputation not quite ſafe.

Tho' many lovers hate the blaze of light,
And hold their aſſignations in the night;
When ſleep and ſilence the creation huſh,
And day extinguiſh'd, ſpares the virgin's bluſh:
I won't receive you darkling to my arms,
But in broad day explore your ſterling charms;
Leſt I, as Jacob was of old, be bit,
And not fair Rachel, but blear'd Leah get.

Sage Cato, ſay the writers of his life,
Lent to a childleſs friend his fertile wife.
I'll lend you too, and ſo far imitate
The Roman; but my friend muſt not forget,
Mine are the yellow boys you procreate.
But when we wed, think not to lead the life,
Or of the French, or ev'n the Britiſh wife.
Much of the Spaniſh caution I approve,
And with a padlock will ſecure my love:
No other pleaſures ſhall my heart engage,
Nor ſhall my paſſion ſuffer, ev'n from age:

Lon-

Longevity, (tho' paſſing ſtrange, 'tis true,)
Shall but increaſe my eagerneſs for you;
And years on years accumulating prove
So many freſh auxiliaries to love.
So that ſhould Time his hated gifts beſtow,
The palſied hand, ſhrill voice, and head of ſnow,
Old as Tithonus, and as helpleſs too,
I, notwithſtanding, ſhall make much of you.

THE

SIGNS DISCONTENTED.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

THE Signs inquir'd why Jove had not,
In Heav'n, a ſtock of females laid in,
And but one woman there had brought,
Who was, provoking, ſtill a maiden?

Bluntly the Ram ſet forth, that he
Often had caſt a ſheep's eye at her;
Aquarius repreſented, ſhe
Had often made his teeth to water.

The Bull wou'd have the god to know,
  Either he would no longer ſtay there;
Or, if he did not get a cow,
  In faith he wou'd Paſiphae her.

Poor Virgo, how to pleaſe them all
  Being really at a loſs to know,
To Sagittarius ſaid, I ſhall
  Have more than two ſtrings to my bow.

Nay, if to them I ſhould prove kind,
  Others would make the ſame requeſt:
Shall I be with a ſcorpion join'd?
  Or take a cancer in my breaſt?

CONVERSATION WITH CUPID.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

One day, where winding Liddo ſtream'd,
  As I a fiſhing ſtood,
I ſpy'd a boy who buſy ſeem'd
  In cutting of my wood.

In

In haſte, away my rod I threw,
The childiſh thief to ſeize:
You forward raſcal, how dare you
Deſtroy my growing trees?

The waggiſh puppy nothing ſpake,
But ſmil'd, and ſhook a bow;
Then I diſcover'd my miſtake,—
O Cupid, is this you?

The ſame;—my arrows all are ſpent,
I have not one to ſhoot;
So, by your leave, good Sir, I meant
My quiver to recruit.

I did not know you when I ſpoke
Th' uncivil words I us'd;
Nor aſh, my boy, nor beech, nor oak,
To you ſhall be refus'd.

But will you, Cupid, drop the art
Which does the world much hurt?
To pierce poor fellows thro' the heart
Is ſure a ſavage ſport.

See, how in Liddo's limpid ſtream
The ſportive fiſhes leap;

I'd have you try the wat'ry game,
And lure them from the deep.

A fiſhing-rod I'll make your bow,
Theſe ſtrings ſhall be a line;
For hooks (if arrows' points won't do,)
I'll give you ſome of mine.

I'd but an aukward angler be,
No more, then, if you pleaſe;
Blind as I am, yet I can ſee
You grudge me a few trees.

Take back now what I've got, he ſaid,
Then let an arrow fly;
Deep was the cruel wound it made,
And deeply did I ſigh.

Sharp as the firſt, another ſtrikes;
In grief and pain I fled:
Fool that I was, to give him ſticks
Wherewith to break my head.

CUPID,

CUPID,

A

PATIENT TO DR TAYLOR,

THE CELEBRATED OCCULIST.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

Amor est medicabilis arte. OVID.

GREAT Sir, a love-ſick ſwain applies
To your unerring art;
By op'ning a blind ſtrippling's eyes,
You'll heal an aching heart.

If at your chambers he appears,
Him, by theſe marks, you'll know;
His arrows on the left he bears,
And on the right, his bow.

Give entrance to the wicked elf,
Tho' he pretend he's poor;
Many a one, beſides myſelf,
Will club to pay his cure.

But, as he is a naughty boy,
You muſt take ſpecial care,

Your

Your inſtruments, ere you employ,
To make him vow and ſwear,

By Cytherea's charming face,
Her chariot, and her doves;
Her zone too, and her looking-glaſs,
And all the little loves;

That if the bleſſings of the ſight
On him your hands beſtow,
Whene'er he does enjoy the light
He'll archery forego.

Aſide his bow and arrows laid,
His quiver and his darts,
He'll follow ſome more lawful trade,
Than that of wounding hearts.

VERSES

VERSES TO MISS ——

WRITTEN IN 1760.

ON

A BLANK LEAF OF FRAGMENTS OF IRISH POETRY,

PUBLISHED BY MACPHERSON.

WHAT fine ſoft things have Highland Poets ſaid,
Of Connal's love, and Minvané the maid!
Sweet as the vernal zephyr was their breath,
Their breaſts like ſnow that floats upon the heath:
Of their bright eyes, tho' keen, yet mild the pow'r,
Like ſtars, whoſe luſtre vibrates thro' a ſhow'r:
But where, in times ſo barbarous and old,
Forms ſo divine could Highland bards behold?
Sure theſe unpoliſh'd daughters of the hill
Could not their minds with ſuch ideas fill.
No, Highland bards, when they ſat down to write,
Summon'd th' aſſiſtance of the ſecond ſight:
Its magic bade, before their wond'ring eyes,
The loveliеſt of our modern fair ones riſe;
From her, of beauty they their notions drew,
And ſo deſcrib'd, prophetically,—you.

ON

ON

STRANGE's PRINT

OF

APOLLO REWARDING MERIT.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

Is this the god from whom young Daphne fled,
And life reſign'd, to be eſteem'd a maid?
Groundleſs her fears, and fooliſh was her flight,
If Guido paint, or Strange engrave aright.
Immodeſt print, what female eye can bear it!
Bring, bring a leaf, to hide a want of merit.

THE

BEST ARGUMENT.

WRITTEN IN 1772.

As Phœbus Daphne eagerly purſu'd,
In terms improper he the Virgin woo'd;
Of his accompliſhments, a tedious liſt
He gave her, but omitted much the beſt.
Why,

Why, cry'd he panting, why ſo ſwiftly run?
Raſh nymph, conſider who he is you ſhun:
Poets my favour conſtantly implore,
And me muſicians, as their god, adore.
Daphné aſtoniſh'd thinks the god but raves,
Poets to her, are ſorry, ſhabby knaves,
She deems muſicians infinitely worſe,
So ſees no reaſon to ſuſpend her courſe.
Yet halt, (he added) halt, unthinking maid,
Yet, yet reflect of whom you are afraid,
From my invention ſprang the healing art,
I to phyſicians all their ſkill impart;
The word Phyſicians fill'd the girl with dread,
And made her ſcamper with redoubl'd ſpeed.
His vain addreſſes thus Apollo paid,
Nor touch'd the topic, certain to perſuade:
Had he ſuggeſted, Daphné, ſee I'm young;
I'm handſome, Daphné, ſtately, blooming, ſtrong,
The fair convinc'd, had ſtopp'd the tireſome race,
And turn'd obſequious her bewitching face*.

* This is an imitation from Fontenelle.

VERSES

WRITTEN IN 1760.

ON

A BLANK LEAF OF PRIOR's POEMS.

MATTHEW PRIOR to me, 'tis perfectly plain,
Deſerves to be reckon'd the Britiſh Fontaine;
And De la Fontaine can never go higher
Than being eſteem'd the French Matthew Prior.

THE WALK.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

SOON as grave ev'ning's cooling ſhades deſcend,
Silent and calm, the proper ſeaſon comes
For rural contemplation. Now the hind,
His labour finiſh'd, ſits before his door
Fondling his child: uneaſy heifers now
Low for the milking-pail; and yonder ſheep,
Obedient,

Obedient, haſten to th' accuſtom'd fold:
A pleaſant ſight, yet not without its pain
To him who weighs in the impartial ſcale
Of reaſon and humanity, the wrongs
Theſe innocents endure. Warm in their wool,
And nouriſh'd with their milk, we ſeek their blood,
And now they fatten for the butcher's knife,
Miſanthropy's ſtrong argument! O! thou
That, unallay'd, would country pleaſures taſte,
Let others of their beef and mutton boaſt,
Fed on their grounds, and ſlaughter'd at their ſeats,
But purchaſe thou, if needs thou muſt devour;
For 'tis to murder worſe, than ſhare the ſpoil.
Shall thy fine villa, rear'd with ſo much taſte,
Bear a reſemblance in its pooreſt part,
To loathſome dens of ſavage beaſts of prey,
Which blood and bones, and ſkins of cattle ſlain,
Disfigure, and make hideous to the ſight?

Yet let us not objections, dark and raſh,
In melancholy mood, too much indulge;
Theſe and their fellow brutes, compar'd with us,
Have not the harder lot; nor do they feel
Severer uſage from mankind, than man.
What bloody havock, in the human race,
Heroic war accompliſhes! What woes

The ſlave-trade, ev'n, ev'n by generous Britons driv'n!
Ambition, avarice, and various ills
Allow'd to rage and ravage on the earth!
The whole creation groans!* as well exclaim'd
The man of Tarſus, and from that remark
Conſolatory conſequences flow;
That all the living creatures, which compoſe
The wond'rous links of being's endleſs chain,
Now ſtruggle through exiſtence, in a ſtate
Imperfect and progreſſive, that awaits
The final conſummation; when, on them,
Felicity eternal and complete,
Shall be beſtow'd by Him whoſe goodneſs call'd
Them forth into exiſtence. This my creed,
Tho' ſtigmatiz'd as heretic by prieſts.

Such meditations elevate the eye
To yonder clouds, that glow with diff'rent hues,
And into ſhapes fantaſtic are transform'd;
Which, when events, important to the world,
Arrive or are expected, to the crowd,
Timid and ſuperſtitious, bear the form
Of fortreſſes demoliſh'd, ſpectres huge,
Or mighty hoſts embattl'd. Terrors vain!

---

* Epiſt. to the Romans, chap. viii. ver. 9.

Which

Which the ſagacious nat'raliſt derides:
Yet not his teleſcopic eyes can pierce
Th' impenetrable medium, or explore
The habitations that beyond them lie.

O! were but mine aſſiſted to attain
Such intuition! thee I ſhould behold,
Paternal Spirit, from this globe withdrawn
By fate's ſevere and premature decree;
Sure the ſublimeſt, happieſt abode,
For thee, thy life, thy labours have obtain'd.
Abſurd to figure, that the ſod of graſs,
The cheſt of wood, or monument of ſtone,
Could ſhut thee up in everlaſting night.
The heav'n-born eſſence unreſtrain'd would burſt
The ſubterraneous priſon, and on wings
Of indignation join its kindred ſky.

EPITAPH,

LATIN

EPITAPH,

FOR THE LATE

PROFESSOR *MACLAURIN.*

Infra ſitus eſt
COLIN MACLAURIN,
Mathes. olim in Acad. Edin. Prof.
Electus ipſo Newtono ſuadente.
Hunc lapidem poſuit filius,
Non ut nomini paterno conſulat,
Nam tali auxilio nil eget,
Sed ut in hoc infelici campo,
Ubi Luctus regnant et Pavor,
Mortalibus prorſus non abſit Solatium:
Hujus enim ſcripta evolve,
Mentemque tantarum rerum capacem,
Corpori caduco ſuperſtitem crede.

The above was inſcribed on his Tomb, the following one in Engliſh, was once intended for it.

ENGLISH.

ENGLISH.

Below is interred
Profeſſor COLIN MACLAURIN.
Not to perpetuate his memory,
In no danger of oblivion,
Was this ſtone raiſed by his Son;
But that, when traverſing theſe manſions of the Dead,
In appearance ſo humiliating,
The living might pauſe to reflect
On characters that do honour to mankind.
Go, and, meditating on the Great and Good,
Reverence Human Nature,
Reſpect yourſelf,
Nor harbour the comfortleſs opinion,
That there is no hope beyond the grave.

ENNUI.

ENNUI.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

His race September has not run,
And the worſt weather is begun;
How forcibly the pelting rain
Belabours ev'ry rattling pane,
While, thro' the parlour-door, the wind
Howls, as if devils were behind.

I need not think, my heart to cheer
With flatt'ring hopes, the ſky will clear;
'Tis after twelve, and very plain,
His *highneſs* won't be ſoon *ſerene*;
And therefore, 'tis beyond a doubt,
I, like the Starling, can't get out *;
But, by the parlour fire muſt fret,
And, while contend the wind and wet,
Cry, O! my country! in a pet:
Or, like the mariner diſtreſs'd,
Againſt the hurricane proteſt,

* See the Sentimental Journey.

Becauſe

Becauſe this rain completely rots
My long-endanger'd wheat and oats:
As for my ſecond crop of clover,
All, long ago, with it is over.
Inventive Fancy! kindly ſay,
How ſhall I paſs this tedious day?
Read—for a week from morn to night
I've read, till I have hurt my ſight.

'Tis ſtrange, that neighbours viſit rather
In pleaſant, than in ſtormy weather:
I muſt acknowledge, that ſuch courſe is
Good for poſtilions and for horſes;
But certainly, 'tis not a meaſure
Conducive to the maſter's pleaſure.

They tell you—Come, the day is fine,
Let's go to ſuch a houſe and dine;
Although the fineneſs of the day
A motive be to ſtay away.
But when with clouds obſcur'd the ſun,
When winds in wild diſorder run,
Why, what the deuce is to be done?
But play at cards, backgammon, cheſs,
Until the boiſt'rous bluſter paſs.

Indeed, among my neighbours all,
I don't expect a ſoul to call;

For, till the weather chuſe to vary,
I know I ſhall be ſolitary,
Good Heavens! what will deliver me
From the tormentor, *Ennui!*
The French expreſſion you'll excuſe,
It, from neceſſity, I uſe:
From it, the Engliſh feel more pain
Than any other race of men;
It haunts inceſſantly their thoughts,
Nay, ſometimes makes them cut their throats;
And yet the language can't afford,
T'expreſs the ſentiment, a word.

Man, 'twas the purpoſe of your birth
To make a buſtle on the earth;
For dozing indolence, your kind
By nature's God was not deſign'd,
Hence your activity of mind,
Which, ſoon as unemploy'd, you ſee,
Becomes a prey to Ennui.

I reckon, to beguile the time,
My beſt expedient is to rhyme;
Since it is no uncommon thing
For angry folks to try to ſing.

Sweet muſe! whoſe ever cheerful lay
Has often chas'd the ſpleen away,

Huſh'd

Huſh'd the diſturbing voice of care,
And ſooth'd vexation and deſpair;
'Twas once my happineſs to rove
With thee in the ſequeſter'd grove,
Or, ſtretch'd the riv'let's bank along,
Enraptur'd liſten to thy ſong;
Thee I invoke, deliver me
From the tormentor, Ennui.

" The zephyrs, gentle breezes, fled,
" The trees their wither'd honours ſhed,
" Chill winter now begins to frown,
" 'Tis time that you were back to town."

I go, I go—but though unkind
The ſun has been, and rude the wind;
Though big with over-rattling ſhow'rs
The firmament at preſent low'rs,
Yet with ſlow ſtep, and aching heart,
From my ſweet villa I depart.
Study, not wedded to his book,
Eaſe, ſaunt'ring by the babbling brook,
Health, deck'd in ev'ry native grace,
Though exerciſe has tann'd her face,
Inhabits this delightful place.
Polluted love, debauch'd exceſs,
Proud luxury, pale wretchedneſs,
Yon ſmoke-clad Capital diſtreſs.

Trees! though your naked boughs I ſee,
Won't any longer ſhelter me;
Brooks! though, increas'd beyond all bounds,
You ravage the adjacent grounds;
Still pleas'd I your appearance view,
And bid you all in tears adieu.
Six months I ſhall from you be torn,
Perhaps I never may return.

Th' aſſaults of Death I've long withſtood,
This winter he may make them good;
Yet not ev'n his reſiſtleſs might
Shall us for ever diſunite.

'Tis long, ſince I took care to mark,
A fav'rite corner in the park,
Where, if poſſeſs'd of it, I die,
My bones I am reſolv'd ſhall lye.
There will I ſlumber time away
'Till rous'd at the tremendous day:
Or, if a not unfeeling ſtate
Is to the dead allow'd by fate,
Oft, at the ſilent cloſe of even',
I'll trip it o'er the flow'ry green;
Glide thro' the avenue, and ſcud
Along the margin of the flood.
No ſervant old, or man, or beaſt,
From my approach ſhall ſhrink the leaſt;

To

To make them ſatisfied I ſtrive,
'Tis my delight to ſee them thrive;
Hence, if they meet my friendly ſhade,
They'll be ſurpriz'd, but not afraid.

Miſtaken mortal! why complain
In ſuch a ſad and ſolemn ſtrain?
Embrace with joy Viciſſitude,
It conſtitutes your greateſt good,
And, truſt the muſe, variety
Is the ſole cure for Ennui.

ON

JOHNSON's DICTIONARY.

In love with a pedantic jargon,
Our poets, now a-days, are far gone;
Hence he alone can read their ſongs
To whom the gift of tongues belongs;
Or who, to make him underſtand,
Keeps Johnſon's lexicon at hand,
Which an improper name has got,
He ſhould have dubb'd it *Polyglot.*

Be warn'd, young poet, and take heed
That Johnſon you with caution read;
Always attentively diſtinguiſh
The Greek and Latin words from Engliſh;
And never uſe ſuch, as 'tis wiſe
Not to attempt to nat'ralize.
Suffice this trifling ſpecimen
To make the admonition plain:

Little of *anthropopathy* * has he
That in yon *fulgid* curricle reclines
Alone, while I, *depauperated* bard!
The ſtreets *pedeſtrious* ſcour; why with *bland* voice
Bids he me not his *vectitation* ſhare?
Alas! he fears my *lacerated* coat,
And viſage pale, with *frigorific* want,
Would bring *dedecoration* on his chaiſe.

Me miſerable! that th'Aonian hill
Is not *auriferous*, nor fit to bear
The *farinaceous* food, ſupport of bards,
Carnivorous but ſeldom; that the ſoil
Which Hippocrene *humectates*, nothing yields,
But *ſteril* laurels, and aquatics ſour,

---

* This, and all the other hard words that follow, are to be found in the Dictionary.

To

To *dulcify* th' *abſinthiated* cup
Of life, receiv'd from thy *novercal* hand,
Shall I have nothing muſe? to *lenify*
Thy heart indurate ſhall poetic woe
And plaintive *ejulation* nought avail?

Riches *deſiderate* I never did,
Ev'n when in mood moſt *optative*: a farm,
Little, but *arboreous*, was all I aſk'd.
I, when a ruſtic, would my *blatant* calves
Well-pleas'd *ablactate*, and delighted tend
My *gemellip'rous* ſheep, nor ſcorn to rear
The ſtrutting turkey, and the ſtrepent gooſe;
Then to *dendrology* my thoughts I'd turn;
A fav'rite care ſhou'd *horticulture* be,
But moſt of all wou'd *geoponics* pleaſe.

While *ambulation* thoughtleſs I protract
The tir'd ſun *appropinquates* to the ſea,
And now my *arid* throat, and *latrant* guts
Vociferate for ſupper; but what houſe
To get it in gives *dubitation* ſad.
O! for a *turgid* bottle of ſtrong beer,
Mature for *imbibition*; and O! for—
(Dear object of *biation!*) mutton-pye *.

ELEGY.

* On this burleſque piece being ſhewn Dr Johnſon, when in Edinburgh, along with many other of the ſame kind, he expreſſed

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN 1760.

Nor Hammond's love, nor Shenſtone's was ſincere,
For they, though poor, to high-born maids laid claim;
A handſome houſe-maid cauſes my deſpair,
And *Nelly*, not *Ne-era*, is her name.

What though, devoid of all coquettiſh care,
Bare-footed ſhe, except on Sundays, goes,
To waſh her hands forgets, and comb her hair,
Nor with her fingers ſcorns to blow her noſe:

On ev'ry feature, and on ev'ry limb,
Beauty and ſtrength have laviſh'd all their care;
A food too rich is ſkim-milk cheeſe, for him
That would with her the city-flirt compare.

---

expreſſed himſelf thus, according to his biographer Mr Boſwell, "This (ſaid he) is the beſt. But I could caricature my own ſtyle much better myſelf." Johnſon's Life. 8vo. edit. vol. II. p. 236.

In

In vain, to win her, proffer'd oft have I
The gaudy ribbon, and the curious lace;
In vain diſplay'd, to her relentleſs eye,
The guinea's ſeldom unſucceſsful face.

Repuls'd, I often have indignant ſworn;
Some freedoms often ſtruggl'd hard to force;
But ſoon, too ſoon, ſeverely check'd, forborn,
She, more enrag'd, and my reception worſe.

The brimful milking-pail, the empty pan,
Th' unweildy boſom, big with prickly fate;
The nauſeous mop, and hiſſing frying-pan,
Have fall'n, vindictive, on my guardleſs pate.

Yet I, infatuate! purſue her ſtill;
Happy to lurk, inſidious, and unſeen,
Among the willows, nurſlings of the rill,
That ſweetly flows harmonious, through the green:

For there, with forcible alternate tread,
From the ſoak'd linen ev'ry ſtain to preſs,
The tub-inclos'd, and unſuſpecting maid,
Furls, unaſham'd, th' impediments of dreſs.

This ſcene augments my ardour to proceed,
Nor from the heart her cruelty to me;

Nay, ſhe acknowledg'd once it did proceed,
Not from diſlike, but diff'rence of degree.

'Tis true; for, tho' ſhe ſpurns my fond addreſs,
Yet to her equals is no coyneſs ſhown;
She, unconſtrain'd, will Tom the gard'ner kiſs;
Toy, romp, and wanton with the ploughman John.

Heav'n knows, for thee, ſole miſtreſs of my heart!
I to the meaneſt ſtation would deſcend;
Drive, whiſtling, chearfully the coal-fraught cart,
Or butter-milk from unſcour'd barrels vend.

Pleas'd with my weekly meal, and daily wage,
My thatch-roof'd cottage, and turf-kindl'd fire,
I would, contented, ſteal from youth to age,
Nor envy once the heireſs-married ſquire.

By thee rejected, me my fields no more,
No more my variegated gardens pleaſe;
I loath my green-houſe, ſo admir'd before,
And, undelighted, wander thro' my trees.

Since I, in grief, muſt pine my youth away,
If diſappointed of this modeſt maid;

How

How weak, how fooliſh, is it to delay
The low, but lovely villager to wed.

What would my parents, what my kindred ſay,
What defamation would I undergo,
At rout, ball, concert, opera, and play,
The jeſt of every fortune-hunting beau!

No four-wheel'd chaiſe, of nice new-faſhion'd ſhape,
Would ever ſtop at my diſhonour'd houſe;
Nor well-dreſs'd footman, with tremendous rap,
Announce a viſit to my humble ſpouſe.

Fond youth! t' indulge the mean idea ceaſe;
A flame diſgraceful to extinguiſh ſtrive;
And be reſign'd, when, of the jolly piece,
A country wedding ſhall thy hopes deprive.

A

SONG

INSCRIBED TO

JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

ON HIS FIRST APPEARANCE AS A LAWYER BEFORE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

WRITTEN IN 1770.

I.

SURE great was the folly
In him whom Paoli
His friendſhip permitted to ſhare;
To go for a Guinea,
Dear Boſwell, what mean ye
To plead at ſo humble a bar?

II.

Zounds, the whole ſhire of Ayr
Quite aſtoniſh'd will ſtare,
And thus will indignant exclaim:—
Shall he make orations
To aid preſentations!
The blockhead is greatly to blame.

III.

The Lords* of the Seſſion
Will fall in a paſſion,

* The Fifteen Scotch Judges.

And

And that is too ~~eaſily done~~;
While your friends at Auchinleck*,
With their hearts like to break,
Will call you unnatural ſon.

IV.

The wicked and godly
Here jumbl'd ſo oddly,
For once will agree, I'm afraid,
That good honeſt Boſwell
By no means has choſe well,
Or rather miſtaken his trade.

V.

You'll bluſter and hector
Without contradictor,
Since all other pleaders are gone;
But, ſoftly, who knows, if
Good honeſt plain Joſeph†,
With practiſing here yet is done:

VI.

Therefore, Boſwell, 'tis clear,
You had better appear
The elders' *unruly* among;
Be ſure you ſtick cloſe by
Our friend, Andrew Croſby‡,
Or elſe you'll be damnably wrong.

---

* Pronounced Affleck.

† Mr Joſeph Williamſon, who had great practice as a Lawyer before this Court.

‡ A Scotch Barriſter.

A BIRTH-

A

BIRTH-DAY ODE,

IN HONOUR OF

THE LATE MR ANDREW CROSBY,

A CELEBRATED SCOTCH BARRISTER.

SET TO MUSIC, AND PERFORMED BY THE LATE LORD KELLY, AND OTHER GENTLEMEN, AT HIS HOUSE ON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

I.

Of January the ſixth,
High Heav'n's decree had fix'd
For this our Hero's birth;
When all the Gods, who knew that Fate
Had will'd him to be wond'rous great,
To ſee him came to Earth.

II.

Their Glories they all laid aſide,
Before they would enter the room,
Elſe the Nurſe and the Babe too had died,
For mortals ſuch ſplendours conſume:
Witneſs Semelé's fate,
Who wiſh'd, when too late,
That, by vanity fir'd,
She ne'er had deſir'd
Great Jove to careſs her in ſtate.

Such

III.

Such miſchief to prevent, Jove took the mien
and dreſs
Of him who at the time was Provoſt of Dumfries;
Bacchus a Vinter's ſhape aſſumes,
In garb of Midwife Venus comes;
And tho' the fair Aſtrea ſwore,
Earth ſhe would never viſit more,
Yet this Boy's appearance prevails;
The Goddeſs allows
The raſhneſs of vows,
And hies, not forgetting her ſcales.
Then, all in Muſlin white array'd,
She perſonates a ſervant-maid;
Diſtributing both cake and caudle
To Gods that ſtood around the cradle;
Who, not to hurt the infant's eyes,
Dreſs in ſome very plain diſguiſe.

IV.

Soon as the Baby's roſy face,
Eſpy'd the God of wine,
He cried, tranſported with amaze,
" This darling muſt be mine.
" In time, when he robuſt ſhall grow,
" At ev'ry Bacchanalian ſhow
" He ſhall adorn my train:
" His features, colour, air, and ſhape,
" Predict a knowledge of the grape
" Few mortals can attain.

" Then,

" Then, Jove, I inſiſt,
" You grant this requeſt,
" That ſacred to Wine he remain."

V.

He ended,—and the Cyprian Queen
Advanc'd with eyes like lightning keen;
Her fair hand on the Infant laid,
And then, with much emotion, ſaid:
" What! ſhall it be this Infant's fate,
" To bumper hard, and ſit up late,
" Companion of Silenus?
" Forbid it, all ye Pow'rs above:—
" No, he ſhall ſpend his life in Love,
" A votary of Venus.
" I ſee his paſſion for the Fair,
" A ſtately fabric ſee him rear:
" See pillars, which his taſte adorns
" With curling emblematic horns *:
" Ah! raſh youth, ſay, what do you mean?
" Since you've horns there without,
" 'Tis ſurely paſt all doubt,
" When married, you'll have them within."

VI.

While Venus thus ſtrove
To gain mighty Jove,

* Alluding to a ſuperb houſe Mr Croſby built in Edinburgh.

The

The Goddeſs of Juſtice ſtepp'd in;
A look of her eye
Made both to ſtand bye,
And thus did her pleading begin:
" Nor Bacchus, nor the Cyprian Dame,
" Have to this infant any claim;
" In buſtle, and in ſtrife,
" He wreſtle muſt thro' life:
" I hear him plead,
" Tho' all unfee'd,
" With utmoſt energy of ſoul,
" For litigants on the poor's roll:
" Moſt cauſes his arguments carry,
" While eager he raves,
" For all ſorts of knaves,
" Before the Grand Juſticiary*.
" Againſt fix'd Fate don't obſtinately draw,
" This fav'rite child devoted is to Law."

VII.

Then all the three with fondneſs hawl'd
The child, who, thus tormented, ſquall'd;
But Jove, alarm'd, at his peril
Interpos'd, and quell'd the quarrel:
" Peace, he cried, to your ſcolding peace,
" Your empty declamation ceaſe,

* The Supreme Criminal Court in Scotland.

" Why bluſter thus and brawl?
" I'm very, very glad,
" There's enough of the lad
" To ſatisfy you all.

VIII.

" You muſt know, Saturn ſons had three,
" Roaring Neptune, Pluto, me,
" Co-heirs of the creation;
" While we neglected to divide,
" Our conteſts never would ſubſide,
" But all was perturbation.
" At laſt it came acroſs our thoughts,
" Each for a portion ſhould caſt lots.
" At hazard, Neptune won the Sea,
" The Firmament caſt up to me;
" The ſubterraneous realms of Hell
" By chance to gloomy Pluto fell.
" Then ſuffer, by a dividend,
" That I the competition end:
" Goddeſs of Juſtice, thou ſhalt gain
" The ſole poſſeſſion of his brain;
" His mouth to Bacchus we conſign,
" (Moiſten it conſtantly with wine;)
" Venus, indulge not thou deſpair,
" For thou ſhalt have the better ſhare."

IX.

Then Jove aſide the cradle's curtains drew,
And, with the lovely babe expos'd to view,
He,

He, with a voice that ſhook the room,
Thus thunder'd forth the infant's doom:

" 'Tis order'd, boy, Law, Love, and Wine,
" Shall thy ſtrange cup of life compoſe;
" But tho' the three are all divine,
" The laſt ſhall be thy darling doze.

ELEGY

ON

PATRONAGE.

WRITTEN, 17 MAY 1771.

In vain for me the linnet tunes his throat;
In vain the black-bird carrols from the ſpray;
In vain the cuckoo chants his waggiſh note,
And lovely flow'rs enliven am'rous May:

For miſts*, ſo hoſtile to Pomona's bow'r;
The air unwholſome, and inclement ſky;
The breeze unkindly, and unfruitful ſhow'r,
Proclaim the *Scottiſh convocation*† nigh.

* The weather is extremely hazy and rainy in Scotland, during the month of May, in which the Aſſembly meets.

† The General Aſſembly of the Church of Scotland.

Content I would abandon calm repoſe;
Content the moſt unpleaſing taſks perform,
If ſure to vanquiſh our fanatic foes,
Who now attempt our ſtrongeſt holds to ſtorm.

Freedom their van with thund'ring voice commands,
With heart of ſteel, and unſubdu'd by fear;
Bold, tho' unarm'd, *Truth* in their center ſtands,
And grave *Religion* animates the rear.

O *Patronage!* divinity ſevere!
Fairer than Pallas, heathen-worſhipp'd far,
Aſſume the Ægis, graſp the fatal ſpear,
And call thy friends and family to war.

Call *Deſpotiſm* firſt, thy dreadful ſire,
Who thee on young *Impiety* begot;
And ſtrutting *Inſolence* in gay attire,
And *Perſecution* in his bloody coat.

So all thy mad oppoſers ſhalt thou cruſh,
Who now thy high prerogative arraign;
Tread out triumphantly the *burning buſh*,
Till not one ſpark of *Liberty* remain.

THOUGHTS
ON
DIVORCES.

In theſe bad times, when, ev'ry day,
We here ſome wife has gone aſtray;
When ſeparations, and what's worſe,
Relentleſs judgments of divorce,
Pronounc'd by rev'rend Commiſſary *,
Hinder our batchelors to marry;
You will not grudge a little room
For ſome few thoughts on Cuckoldom.
Pro aris uſeful they're *et focis*,
And full of *ſeria mixta jocis*;
Hence in your Magazine a place
They claim with a reſiſtleſs grace;
Tho' their ſublimity not reaches
The height of Naſh nor Allen's ſpeeches,
Wilkes will acknowledge them well meant,
And on them favourably ſquint:
As for his friend, the Parſon Horne,
I'm ſure he wont the ſubject ſcorn.

* The Commiſſary Court in Scotland, which conſiſts of three Judges, and has an excluſive juriſdiction in all caſes of divorces.

The

The famous nat'raliſt Buffon,
Who, by the bye, is ſeldom wrong,
Publiſh'd an eſſay years ago,
In language eloquent to ſhew:

That creatures of the feather'd claſs,
The beaſts, in morals, far ſurpaſs.
There's not a ſingle quadruped
That's faithful to the marriage-bed,
But to it, ſave the ſly cuckoo,
There's not a ſingle bird untrue.
The reaſon is, each feather'd pair
Muſt, by the laws of nature, ſhare
Exceſſive toil and conſtant care;
Both male and female muſt aſſiſt
To find materials for the neſt;
She, without intermiſſion, ſit,
To keep the eggs in genial heat:
While he abroad muſt often fly,
The needed nurture to ſupply;
And at his leiſure hours prolong
The ſoothing ſweet connubial ſong.
But when their callow young appear,
Both muſt contribute them to rear;
Both teach them with parental care,
To ſeek their elemental air.
Thus, common labour muſt improve,
And ſtrong attachment add to love;

But

So into Peter's coffee-room* they went,
And thus proceeded to the argument:---

Dear Con, ſays Pro, tho' we're expell'd this Court,
Yet to another ought we to reſort;
Sons of diſpute, and brothers of the bar,
We long have wag'd a profitable war:
But now, when old, and our beſt blood decay'd,
In vain we would attempt another trade;
The Sheriff-court is open to us ſtill,
The Bailie, Admiral, and Dean of Guild;
Let us but perſevere in legal ſtrife,
The rank inferior, but the ſame the life.

Pro, anſwer'd Con, 'tis long now, very long,
Since I have prov'd you always in the wrong:
The clerk of Seſſion's damn'd deleting pen
Has ſtigmatiz'd us ten times worſe than Cain!
So that inferior clerks muſt know us well again,
And will bedaub us as we were before;
Few clerks can write, but ev'ry clerk can ſcore.

Con, replied Pro, my diſpoſition's ſuch,
I never preſs an argument too much.

* A coffee-room adjoining the Parliament Houſe.

If your proud ſpirit, unſubdu'd by fate,
Diſdains to plead in courts ſubordinate,
Let us endeavour to keep the Supreme,
And, for that purpoſe, inſtantly reclaim;
I but one difficulty can ſuggeſt,
No *ratio decidendi* is expreſs'd,
And none, I fear, will eaſily be gueſs'd.

Pro, duplied Con, you may reclaim, 'tis true,
But little hopes have I from a review;
As for the *ratio*, lately they thought fit
To give *decree* againſt unlucky Wit,
That he, from this, their houſe, immediately
ſhould flit.
And I ſuſpect the Lords took us to be
Some of his diſaffected family.
Tho' with that wag connection we have none,
But are, God knows, poor ſimple Pro and Con:
Yet as our names are ſhort exotic words,
Another notion entertain'd the Lords.

Con, triplied Pro, another bumper fill,
And let us join in a reclaiming bill.
If you conjecture right, and Roman ſound,
Be of the harſh decerniture, the ground,
Well ſhould the Judges think on what they
do,
Or diſmal conſequences may enſue;

They

They muſt *officium nobile* diſcard,
And *tantum temporis* no more regard.
Great *avizandum's* ſelf muſt ſurely go,
And transference lament his raviſh'd *ſtatu quo.*
But if the Lords, unalterably ſtiff,
To theſe alarming arguments be deaf;
By a tranſlation we'll our names amend,
In Engliſh dreſs they ſurely wont offend,
For and *Againſt* will anſwer juſt as well;
Nay, better, I will venture to foretell.
So the Macgregors', not oblig'd to Fame,
Compell'd, by ſtatutes, to ſuppreſs their name,
It for a nobler artfully exchang'd,
And thro' the world the thieves, as Grahams and Drummonds, rang'd.

A SONG.

Tune—"THE LAIRD OF ROSLIN'S DAUGHTER *."

DREGHORN, 1774.

I.

LAIRD†, you muſt to the pariſh *kirk*‡,
On either foot or horſe,
And hear from our good miniſter
An excellent diſcourſe;
A ſermon and a lecture too,
And that makes preachings *twa*‖;
And we'll take you to the back ſeat,
And ſet you next the *wa*'§.

II.

'Tis ſeven years, oh lady fair,
Since in the *kirk* I've been:
So that I'm much aſhamed now
In it for to be ſeen.

---

* All the words in *italics* are old Scotch words.

† In Scotland, every gentleman who has any landed property, is called a Laird.

‡ Church. ‖ Two § Wall.

If

If there to-day,
Good folks will ſay,
Oh, he's been long *awa'**;
Elſe I'd go to the back ſeat,
And there ſit next the *wa'*.

III.

'Tis better late than ne'er to thrive,
Judicious people ſay;
And you have many reaſons ſtrong,
To take you there to-day.
Your ſons ſhall in their ſhort cloathes be,
Your daughters very *bra*†;
So you'll go to the back ſeat,
And there ſit next the *wa'*.

IV.

A ſight of theſe dear little ones
Is now no rarity;
And much I fear, when in the *kirk*,
They'll but bad hearers be.
If them you ſend,
They'll not attend,
But always cry, Pappa;
Elſe I'd go to the back ſeat,
And there ſit next the *wa'*.

V.

If you, our pretty family,
(Preſerve us, 'twould be odd)

---

* Away, † Finely dreſſed.

Upon

Upon your Honour can't prevail
To hear the word of God:
Think, there Miſs Jackie * you will ſee,
Or elſe, perhaps, Stuart La' †;
Then you'd go to the back ſeat,
And ſet you next the *wa'*.

VI.

I've been too long a married man,
My uncle to go ſee;
And Jackie, tho' a charming nymph,
Too many is for me.
But there's your niece,
A dainty piece,
Who ſwallows peas-cods raw;
So I'll not go to the back ſeat,
Nor yet ſit next the *wa'*.

VII.

Laird, 'tis a dozen years, and more,
Since I have been your wife;
And we have paſs'd the time away,
All undiſturb'd by ſtrife:
Becauſe you did
Whate'er I bid,
A look from me was law:
So get you to the back ſeat,
And there ſit next the *wa'*.

---

* A then celebrated beauty. † A country Gentleman.

The

VIII.

The Laird ſet off directly,
Being, juſtly, in a fright;
For, by his lady he was rul'd,
Like Sir James Fowlis the knight.
But, ſtepping o'er the burn*, he wet
His legs *baith lang* and *ſma'*†,
Ere he got to the back ſeat,
For to ſit next the *wa'*.

IX.

But in another circumſtance,
Fate ſtill was more unkind,
For his ſhort-ſighted ſpectacles
He chanc'd to leave behind.
Hence, during *a'*‡ the preaching time,
He no fair faces ſaw,
Tho' many were in front ſeats,
And many next the *wa'*.

---

* Brook. † Both long and ſmall. ‡ All.

LAST SPEECH,

AND

DYING WORDS, OF A SOLDIER,

SUPPOSED TO BE EXECUTED FOR SHEEP-STEALING.

WRITTEN IN 1781.

Tune—"BESS, THE GAWKY."

YE who aſſembl'd here attend
To witneſs my diſgraceful end,
An ear, not unpropitious, lend,
To an old Soldier's ſtory:
Laſt war, when ev'ry hoſtile ſhore
Shook with the Britiſh thunder's roar;
I, in ſucceſsful battles, bore
A part that gain'd me glory.

The French of India, Eaſt and Weſt,
By our exploits were diſpoſſeſs'd;
And their commanders all confeſs'd,
That they were beaten fairly:

But

But now the difference how great!
We hardly match the Gallic Fleet:
From Yankies our beſt troops retreat,
And with a Congreſs parley.

Tho', by ſeverity miſled,
Both Court and King will have me dead,
The blood I for my country ſhed
Shall yet be my ſalvation.
I die, expecting to go where
Great Wolfe explores the ſtarry ſphere,
And, looking downwards, drop a tear
To ſee the alteration.

VERSES

ON THE

GATE OF THE SMALL INCLOSURE IN HOPE PARK,

BELONGING TO THE COMPANY OF ARCHERS.

APRIL 29, 1771.

UNTHINKING Archers! tell me, why ſecure
With bolts, and bars, and locks, your painted door?
O! hear a wiſe man, who there daily walks,
Who writes in numbers, and with freedom talks,

Conſider, in this meadow's giddy round
No kind retiring-place is to be found:
For what can more provoke a lover's rage,
Than the expoſure of the paltry cage?
Where now, alas! conceal the fearful maid?
No hedge to ſcreen her, and no tree to ſhade.

Then, by blind Cupid's never-erring bow,
Your Gate, ye gen'rous Archers! open throw,
So that no rains relax the bow-ſtring's force,
No winds diſturb the whizzing arrow's courſe;
But calm, fine weather, ever glad the park,
And he who ſhoots be always near the mark.

~~Believe me too,~~ if you this Gate ſhall ope,
That lovers here will not ungrateful ſtop;
No, truſt me, friends, ſoon as their tranſports o'er,
And they have lov'd, till they can love no more,
With thankful hearts they ſhall, departing, vie,
Who beſt can ſing in praiſe of Archery.

THOUGHTS

OCCASIONED BY READING

L'HISTOIRE GENERAL DES VOYAGES.

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER 1772.

Nequicquam Deus abſcidit,
Prudens, oceano diſſociabili
Terras, ſi tamen impiæ
Non tangenda rates tranſiliunt vada. HOR.

HEAV'NS! what a picture of mankind,
In all accounts of them we find!
Hiſtorians, ev'n of better times,
Give but a catalogue of crimes,
That influenc'd a Nation's fate,
The perpetrators being great.
All books of Voyages proclaim
Men ev'ry where are much the ſame;
In ev'ry clime, an eaſy prey
To prieſtcraft and deſpotic ſway;
While love of money, vice, and pride,
Their manners form, their actions guide.
In ſhort, each traveller confirms,
Altho' not in explicit terms;

Yet by the facts he does relate,
(Than arguments of greater weight)
That Gulliver exactly drew,
And overcharg'd not the Yahoo.

'Tis doubtleſs true, that now and then
On earth appear ſome god-like men.
Yes, ſuch enlighten ev'ry land,
Tho' ſcatter'd with a ſparing hand,
So very ſparing, that, alas!
For prodigies they almoſt paſs.

Nature, 'twould ſeem, was not inclin'd
(And ſhe thus far meant to be kind)
That men, of various tongues and hues,
By mingling, ſhould the breeds confuſe,
And to an interchange give riſe
Of Luxury, Diſeaſe, and Vice;
Adjacent regions to divide,
She pour'd between 'em Ocean's tide.

But reſtleſs Man contriv'd, by art,
The well-intended plan to 'thwart;
The hollow veſſel, ſcoop'd from wood,
He taught to plow the briny flood,
Which now, no longer cauſing fear,
Facilitates his bold career.

The

The firſt diſcov'ries were humane,
And gave no reaſon to complain;
But then, what an accurſed rout
Purſu'd that path they pointed out!
Rapacity, the ſhining ore
Soon tempted to the foreign ſhore;
Him *Murder* follow'd, at whoſe back
Came *Torture*, with his wheel and rack;
And *Slav'ry*, with his whip and chain,
And *Bigotry* was of the train,
Whoſe hands a crucifix uprear,
His ſhoulders fire and faggot bear.

'Mongſt all inventions, none you'll trace
So hurtful to the human race.
Had *Gama*, leſs expert at ſea,
To India miſs'd the wat'ry way:
Had great *Columbus* ſought in vain
Another world beyond the Main:
Their diſappointment, you will find,
Had been a mercy to mankind.

Hot *Afric*'s ſons, in grief and pain,
Who toil to rear the ſugar-cane;
Th' unwarlike natives of *Bengal*,
Whom London citizens enthrall;
Th' *Americans*, of ev'ry tribe,
To this poſition all ſubſcribe.

Ev'n

Ev'n Europe cauſe has to repent,
Her ſons on ſuch adventures went.

By navigation we have found
The figure of the earth is round:
It has exotic means ſupply'd
To feaſt our palates and our pride;
But men, who money have to ſpare,
Alone ſuch rarities can ſhare;
While the diſtempers ſhips import
Devour alike the poorer ſort.

The plague creates inceſſant fears,
And once in ev'ry hundred years
The deſolating fiend appears.
The baneful gift of foreign trade,
What havoc has the ſmall-pox made.
The great, perhaps, the greater curſe,
All life impoiſons in the ſource.
To tell which has been moſt by fate
Made uſe of to depopulate,
Wou'd call for calculation nice,
And that I leave to Doctor *Price*.

Diſcov'ries then, we may conclude,
Do miſchief to the multitude.
To all but thoſe whoſe wild deſires,
Or luxury, or ſcience fires;

Hence

Hence there's no reaſon to regret,
That our wiſe Miniſters of State
Wou'd abſolutely not equip,
To carry *Banks*, a proper ſhip.
Had he detected, lucky dog!
Lands that have lain ſo long *incog.*
He had deſcry'd, in ev'ry brake,
Some monſtrous quadruped or ſnake;
Some curious fiſh in ev'ry bay,
And wond'rous birds in ev'ry ſpray.

But from this hidden country, *Banks*
Had curſes merited, not thanks;
Her ſons, in thouſands, had been ſlain,
Their freedom ſtruggling to maintain;
Or, raviſh'd from their native ſoil,
Condemn'd, as ſlaves, to endleſs toil.
Much, much, however, I admire
The dauntleſs ſpirit, gen'rous fire,
That led him, from his happy home,
O'er oceans unexplor'd to roam;
And when I ſee him meet with ſcorn,
My breaſt's with various paſſions torn;
As a Philoſopher I'm ſad,
As a Philanthropiſt I'm glad.

THE

THE

STORY

OF

ZEYN ALASNAM, PRINCE OF BALSORA.

FROM THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS.

WRITTEN IN 1770.

CANTO I.

THERE did (what ſignifies it when?)
A monarch o'er Balſora reign,
Than whom, no Sultan in the eaſt
Seem'd ever more completely bleſt:
But was he happy, think you?---No!
A king can't poſſibly be ſo;
Beſides, altho' fair Fortune ſmil'd,
She ſtill with-held a lawful child;
His ſole affliction this, and yet
It kept him always on the fret.
For, ſuch man's diſpoſition, tho'
A thouſand bleſſings Heav'n beſtow,
If but one comfort be deny'd,
He's peeviſh and diſſatisfy'd.
The Queen, you'll eaſily believe,
Did no leſs than her conſort grieve;

She

She tried the power of magic ſpells,
Jaunted to all the baths and wells;
But their pretended virtues fail'd,
And ſtill her barrenneſs prevail'd.

At laſt (but by what means and ways
No Aſiatic author ſays)
Her Highneſs got the buſineſs done,
And was deliver'd of a ſon,
Who, ſoon as into life he came,
Had ZEYN ALASNAM for his name.

The guns were fir'd, the bells were rung,
Te Deum every pariſh ſung;
All ſtrove, with marks of public joy,
To hail the long-expected boy.

Nature had been employ'd too long
In forming ZEYN to make him wrong;
Such as his body was his mind,
Where beauty was with ſtrength combin'd.
But ZEYN, like many an only ſon,
By fond indulgence was undone.

He, when his ſire forſook the ſtage,
Approach'd to that unſettl'd age,
At which, to gain the ſon of Jove,
We're told that Vice and Virtue ſtrove.

As ZEYN in pleaſure life began,
He to exceſs takes when a man;
Conſumes in riot, or at game,
The precious hours his Viziers claim,
His wealth exhauſts with thoughtleſs haſte,
On various articles that waſte,
And ſhow extravagance, not taſte.

His mother warn'd him to reſtrain
His ſquandering humour, but in vain:
He ſpends his treaſure, and that gone,
Oppreſſive taxes next lays on.
Theſe fill'd the land with diſcontent,
Their rage his grumbling ſubjects vent
In pamphlets, that the odds expreſs
Between the former reign and this;
The parents of their king compare
To plants, that noble foliage wear,
But poiſon is the fruit they bear:
At laſt, *in plain Arabic*, tell,
If further tax'd, they would rebel.

By clamours of his ſubjects ſtunn'd,
By creditors impatient dunn'd,
ZEYN found affairs grew daily worſe,
And was conſtrain'd to change his courſe.
With jolly bacchanalian ſound
His ceilings now no more rebound;

No

No more the melting voice of Love
Invites him to the myrtle grove;
Monſters of frightful, fatal form,
Attempt his palace gates to ſtorm.
Pale *Indigence*, a-kin to *Death*;
Contempt, that freezes with his breath;
Gaunt *Deſolation*, haggard-ey'd;
And mad *Deſpair* and *Suicide*.

One night, that ZEYN's moſt conſtant gueſt,
Repentance, had him ſooth'd to reſt,
Sudden before his couch appears
A rev'rend figure full of years,
Apparell'd as a holy man,
Who, in ſhrill accents, thus began:
" Young prince! the God of nature choſe
" That principles, each others foes,
" Should this our univerſe compoſe.
" Thus Reſt and Motion, Death and Life,
" Maintain an unintermitting ſtrife,
" And ill alternating with good
" Keeps mankind in viciſſitude:
" Of grief you've had your deſtin'd ſhare,
" To Egypt's capital repair,
" Good fortune will attend you there."

Of what he had at midnight ſeen
None ZEYN inform'd, except the queen,

Who much diſſuaded th' expedition
Suggeſted by an apparition;
But ſomething noble in its eye
Made ZEYN upon its words rely;
Hence, tho' his mother fumes and frets,
Next day for Cairo off he ſets.

That mighty town was far away.
ZEYN travell'd many a weary day;
Thro' labyrinths of foreſt paſs'd,
But ſafely he arriv'd at laſt.

When he was faſt aſleep, the ſprite
Attends him as the former night,
And thus awakes him in a fright,—
"I but to try you brought you here,
"Back to your capital repair,
"Good fortune will attend you there."

The prince was ready to ſuppoſe
The ſprite malicioufly jocoſe:
But be that (thought he) as it may,
In Egypt 'twere abſurd to ſtay.

Tho' told that he had been deceiv'd,
Smiling, the Queen her ZEYN receiv'd,
And ſaid, "Son, henceforth, ſurely you
"Will own me wiſeſt of the two."

"Hold,

" Hold, anſwer'd ZEYN, I hope to-night
" More ſatisfaction from the ſprite."
Juſt as he thought, at midnight came
The viſion, wafted in a dream,
And thus, " The patient and the brave,
" 'Tis not my practice to deceive;
" To-morrow ſeek your father's cloſet,
" Altho' your mother ſhould oppoſe it,
" Exhauſtleſs treaſures there are laid;
" Dig deep, ſearch well, your fortune's made."

Next morn betimes the prince aroſe,
And forthwith to his mother goes;
Tell's Grey-beard had again been at him,
And what he ſaid repeats *verbatim.*

The good old lady ſhook her head,
For ſtill ſhe thought her ſon miſled:
" You know (ſaid ſhe) the cloſet's lin'd
" With ſtones inimitably join'd;
" If there you dig, you'll only toil
" A curious piece of work to ſpoil;
" 'Tis an abſurdity ſupreme,
" To give ſuch credit to a dream."
ZEYN anſwer'd, " Certainly 'twere wrong
" In me, who have believ'd ſo long,
" To ſcepticiſe, now that I'm told
" This very houſe abounds in gold."

This

This having ſpoke, away he hied,
A proper pick-axe to provide;
Which got, he opes the cloſet door,
And tries to raiſe the ſtony floor.
The flags were join'd with wond'rous art,
His Highneſs not at all expert;
So that, ere half the labour o'er,
His ſtrength exhal'd at every pore.
Oft as he ſtopp'd to breathe, he'd ſwear,
That he the digging would forbear,
But curioſity and need
Prevail'd upon him to proceed.

At laſt, as he a cumbrous maſs
Of pavement heav'd out of its place,
He ſaw a ſtone that lurk'd below,
As marble ſmooth, and white as ſnow;
This block he found cónceal'd a door,
By a ſteel padlock made ſecure;
Which he with thund'ring blows attacks,
And ſoon it yielded to the axe.

The open'd door expos'd to ſight
A ſtair-caſe, all of marble white,
That to a ſpacious chamber led,
Moſt whimſically furniſhed.
The floor with China tiles is laid,
The walls in chryſtal glare array'd,

And

And in four equidiſtant rows
The chamber forty vaſes ſhows.
ZEYN took them to be full of wine,
And ſaid, " 'Tis well, I ſha'n't repine,
" The liquor cannot be but old,
" And that I once preferr'd to gold."
Then what were the contents he tries,
But how ecſtatic his ſurprize,
When his bedazzled eyes behold
That every urn is full of gold.

He ſingles one the moſt replete,
And lays it at his mother's feet;
Who ſcarcely can believe her eyes,
And ſtraightway to the cloſet flies,
Precipitates down ſtairs, and turns
Out all the gold from all the urns;
And cannot but for tranſport weep,
When ſhe ſurveys the ſhining heap.

At laſt her joy ſomewhat ſubdu'd,
The chamber ſhe attentive view'd,
And chanc'd a little urn to ſpy,
That had eſcap'd the prince's eye;
But, on examination, he
At bottom found a golden key;
" This key (obſerv'd the prudent mother)
" Muſt tally with ſome lock or other,
" Which

" Which lock undoubtedly will lead
" To where yet greater treaſure's hid."

So ſaying, ſhe began to pore
Along the wall to find a door;
One ſhe eſpied, and with the key
Unlock'd without difficulty.
Now paſs they to a chamber, bright
With an unuſual ſort of light,
Where they, with admiration, told
Nine pedeſtals of maſſy gold;
Of which ſtupendous ſtructures eight,
Had each a diamond ſtatue's weight,
Emitting party-colour'd rays
That flaſh intolerable blaze!
The ninth, tho' higher than the reſt,
Was with no precious figure grac'd;
A piece of purple ſattin ſpread,
Conceal'd, in part, its flaming head,
On which ZEYN this inſcription read:---
" Theſe noble images, my ſon,
" Were, by long toil and trouble, won;
" But know, *the ninth* does them ſurpaſs,
" As much as they do common glaſs;
" On the *ninth ſtatue* ſet your heart,
" And in purſuit of it depart.
" To Cairo you muſt hye once more,
" Nor grudge tho' you was there before;

" There

" There Morabec, a ſlave of mine,
" Will faithful aid the great deſign,
" And *the ninth ſtatue* ſhall be thine."

Long in a ruminating mood
The prince and royal lady ſtood;
But not his thought nor her's divines
Th' enigma of the ſattin lines.
At laſt, ZEYN thus: " Say, Madam, ſay,
" Shall I ſuch orders diſobey?
" Still your aſſent will you deny,
" With bigot infidelity?"

" No," ſaid the Queen, " ALASNAM, no!
" In queſt of the dear object go:
" Go, ſhould you ſearch from pole to pole,
" Should ſeas in oppoſition roll,
" Our Prophet's ſelf ſhall be your guard,
" And the ninth ſtatue your reward."

CANTO II.

ATTENDED by a ſlave or two,
His journey ZEYN went ſafely thro':
When he was near the city gate
He ſtopp'd, an honeſt clown he met,
Entreating he would be ſo kind
As help him Morabec to find.
To him the clown: "His houſe you'll meet,
"Juſt as you've croſs'd yon ſloping ſtreet;
"Grand Cairo's ſelf does not afford
"A wealthier or a worthier lord."

ZEYN readily admittance got,
And to my lord himſelf was brought,
Who that polite reception gave,
A noble ſtranger ſhou'd receive:
Him ZEYN acquainted with his name,
And that he from Balſora came,
And was the only ſon and heir
Of him who laſt was monarch there.

Here Morabec, with accents broken:
"Produce, young gentleman, a token,
"Whoſe

"Whoſe evidence, direct and fair,
" Will prove you ſuch a ſon and heir:
" That monarch long did I attend
" At once a ſervant and a friend.

" 'Tis years now more than twenty-two,
" Since, with permiſſion, I withdrew
" To this my much-lov'd native land,
" Where wealth and honours I command;
" But neither change of ſtate nor place,
" His dear rememb'rance cou'd efface:
" 'Twou'd be conſummate bliſs to me
" My much-lov'd maſter's ſon to ſee;
" But, when I left the royal pair,
" They had no proſpect of an heir."

Then ZEYN proceeded to unfold
The myſtery of th' inurn'd gold,
And diamond ſtatues, nor forgot
The lines upon the ſattin wrote;
When, loſt in pleaſure and ſurpriſe,
Old Morabec, with ſtreaming eyes:
" Prince, this recital fully proves
" Your birth, and every doubt removes;
" Convinc'd, and overjoy'd, I own
" You for my royal maſter's ſon:
" Me, and my all, to you I yield,
" (Submiſſive as he ſpoke, he kneel'd)

" Your ſire much, but not freedom gave,
" And I continue ſtill a ſlave."
Here, interrupting, ZEYN rejoin'd,
" Good Morabec, you're over kind;
" Can you imagine here I came,
" Your perſon or effects to claim?
" Becauſe my father had forgot
" To make you free, unworthy thought!
" I the ninth ſtatue wou'd poſſeſs,
" Of it enamour'd to exceſs.
" Inſtruct me how to gain it ſoon,
" I crave but that, no other boon."
" Prince (ſaid the ſlave) no eaſy taſk
" 'Tis to accompliſh what you aſk;
" I know what bleſt retreats conceal
" That ſtatue without parallel,
" But Difficulty and Diſmay,
" And Death himſelf, are in the way.
" 'Tis true, that to aſſiſt us ſtand,
" In readineſs a matchleſs band;
" Silence, old Wiſdom's favourite child;
" And Complaiſance with aſpect mild;
" Firm Fortitude with eagle eye,
" And Patience looking to the ſky.
" But what th' event, 'tis hard to gueſs,
" Whether deſtruction or ſucceſs.
" Then hearken, prince, to my advice,
" Forſake the dang'rous enterpriſe;

" Bal-

"Balſora's fertile plains obey
"Your gentle, tho' deſpotic ſway;
"Your ſubterraneous chambers hold
"Ineſtimable heaps of gold;
"Return, enjoy th' exhauſtleſs ſtore,
"Nor tempt your fate by ſeeking more.
"Return, nor fooliſhly repine,
"Becauſe eight ſtatues are not nine."

"Shall I, by cowardice reſtrain'd,
"Neglect my father's laſt command?
"(Exclaim'd the prince) good heav'n forbid,
"It were a kind of parricide.
"This ſtatue does the reſt ſurpaſs
"As far as they do common glaſs:
"Hence, whetted to the laſt degree,
"By mad'ning curioſity,
"That ſtatue has my mind engroſt,
"To every other paſſion loſt;
"Nor grandeur's pomp, nor ſcepter'd pow'r,
"Nor wine, nor beauty's blooming flow'r,
"Cou'd its impreſſion baniſh; I
"That ſtatue muſt obtain or die."
Submiſſive, Morabec agreed,
Upon the buſineſs to proceed,
And to refreſh himſelf a day,
ZEYN was prevail'd upon to ſtay.

Next

Next morning, long ere chanticleer
Began his concubines to cheer,
To Morabec did ZEYN appear;
For domineering paſſions keep
The wretch they agitate from ſleep.
Sagacious Morabec had gueſs'd
The prince would get but little reſt,
And, by his orders, juſt at four
Both ſlaves and nags were at the door.
Their courſe the two together take,
Till ſtopp'd by an extenſive lake,
When, on the wave-worn edge reclin'd,
Thus, Morabec diſclos'd his mind:—
"Forthwith this ferry we muſt croſs,
"You, for a boat, ſeem at a loſs;
"But be not troubled, by and by
"A wond'rous veſſel you'll deſcry,
"That, by a waterman, is row'd,
"Whoſe mien and manner are more odd;
"But mark me well, tho' doubtleſs you,
"Amaz'd, muſt th' apparatus view,
"Speak not; for ſoon as you pronounce
"A ſingle word, we ſink at once."
"No fear (cried ZEYN) do you but ſay
"What's to be done, and I'll obey."

While they were communing, afloat
They ſaw the ſtrange-conſtructed boat;

Red

Red ſaunders ſeem'd to be the wood
From which this wherry had been hew'd;
An amber maſt was in it plac'd,
With flag of purple ſattin dreſs'd;
The rower was a frightful creature,
Such compound ne'er was form'd by nature;
An elephant and tiger join'd,
Made up this monſter of no kind,
That gave the head, but this the reſt,
Which ſtood the beaſt of prey confeſs'd;
With his proboſcis round the waiſt
He took, and in the boat them plac'd;
And then, exerting ſail and oar,
He quickly wafted them aſhore;
His boat unloaded with his trunk,
Then inſtantaneouſly ſunk.

Here Morabec, on land that's dry,
Thus broke their taciturnity:—
"This happy and inchanted iſle,
"Where ſpring and pleaſure always ſmile,
"The king of Genii has of late
"Choſe for his favourite retreat;
"'Tis he whoſe waterman and boat
"Us hither magically brought;
"'Tis he who[illegible]indneſs can beſtow
"The ſtatue t[illegible]ranſports you ſo:

"We

"We muſt advance a little way,
"'Twere ſure perdition here to ſtay."

Then on with cautious ſteps they paſs,
Struck with the grandeur of the place,
Where rival art and nature vie
Whoſe labours moſt ſhould beautify.

Screen'd by an aromatic wood,
The Genii's lofty palace ſtood;
Of ſhining alabaſter built,
And roof'd with china richly gilt;
Each ornament reſplendent ſhone,
For each was of ſome precious ſtone.

Before the maſſy golden gate
A company of Genii wait;
Gigantic ſhapes! whoſe clubs of ſteel
Intruders never miſs to feel.
Soon as the palace came in ſight,
"Halt, halt! (cries Morabec in fright)
"Unleſs a powerful charm reſtrains
"Theſe Genii, they'll beat out our brains.
"Them to keep off, and alſo bring
"To parley, with us th' awful king,
"I know the method; beware,
"This is a perilous affair.

"If

"If not unwelcome you are here,
"A handſome man he will appear;
"But, at your viſit if diſpleas'd,
"He'll rage and rave a ſavage beaſt.
"Whate'er his ſhape, he will enquire
"What favour of him you deſire,
"Him then reſpectfully addreſs,
"And humbly thus your wiſh expreſs:—
"*Great King, ſince you did condeſcend*
"*To treat my father as a friend,*
"*May you continue to the ſon*
"*The love that in the Sire begun;*
"*'Tis neither glory, wealth, nor pow'r,*
"*But the ninth ſtatue, I implore.*"

Thus having giv'n the prince his cue,
A bag he from his pocket drew,
Which on the matted graſs he threw,
And plac'd ZEYN on it, with ſtrict charge,
To keep within its myſtic verge;
Then thrice around the cloth he ran,
Thrice rubb'd a potent talifman,
And th' incantation thus began:—

"Puiſſant King! whoſe magic ſkill
"Controls [illegible]lements at will;
"Deals hap[illegible]s, or adverſe fate,
"To mortals, as you love and hate;

" Whether, on Ocean's bed reclin'd,
" You dictate orders to the Wind;
" Or, mounted on the Comet's ſphere,
Accelerate its wild career;
" Or from your mighty labours ceaſe,
" Repoſing in this happy place;
" Propitious, our entreaties hear,
" And in a placid ſhape appear."

Soon as he ſpoke, the welkin frown'd,
Convulſions ſhook the murm'ring ground;
Clouds daſh'd on clouds, in thunder roar'd,
And light'nings flaſh'd, and torrents pour'd:

But ſoon all Nature was ſerene,
And the great king of Genii ſeen;
A man of handſome ſhape and air,
But ſtern his viſage, and ſevere.
" Bold and preſumptuous men (ſaid he)
" Speak what you wou'd entreat of me."

On this, the ſtatue ZEYN requeſted,
In terms his tutor had ſuggeſted.

The Genii then thus ſilence broke:—
(His count'nance bright'ning as he ſpoke)
" I lov'd your father, Prince, is true,
" And, for his ſake, will cheriſh you;
" Already

" Already of my ſpecial care
" You've had no deſpicable ſhare.
" 'Twas I repeatedly that came
" To give you counſel in a dream;
" 'Twas I who on the ſattin wrote
" The lines that have you hither brought.
" Your noble father, once a year,
" Was won't to pay a viſit here,
" And, ev'ry time he took his leave,
" A precious ſtatue did receive,
" I had but nine, and eight I gave.
" The ninth, far fairer than the reſt,
" Is what you now from me requeſt;
" Not to be given is that, but gain'd,
" And thus may dearly be obtain'd:—
" You muſt find out, and bring me here,
" A maiden in her fifteenth year,
" (Beauty's beſt workmanſhip, her face,
" Her ſhape, proportion all, and grace)
" Who never knew, or wiſh'd to know,
" What joys from love's embraces flow;
" And whom (your ſelf-denial ſuch)
" You neither touch'd, nor wiſh'd to touch.
" This to accompliſh, you muſt ſwear
" By all that Muſſulmen revere.
" Prince, of the enterpriſe beware,
" If in one article you break
" The oath tremendous you muſt take,

" To expiate your perjury,
" Dear as you are to me---you die."

The prince was too much *enteté*
The Genii's warning to obey,
And inconſiderately ſwore
To find what ne'er was found before.

But ſoon as he his oath had clos'd,
Him this reflection diſcompos'd :---
" How ſhall I know the matchleſs ſhe
" Poſſeſs'd of all this purity !"
The Genii inſtantly divin'd
What doubts were paſſing in his mind,
And ſmiling ſaid :---" No time can learn,
" Nor the acuteſt eye diſcern,
" A method to diſcriminate
" True innocence from counterfeit.
" The look demure, and baſhful face,
" Are, often, nothing but grimace ;
" But take you this unerring glaſs,---
" When one you find you think will ſuit ye,
" In point of age, and ſhape, and beauty,
" Conſult this mirror---if 'tis foul,
" Impure her body or her ſoul :
" If ſpotleſs it remain, and clear,
" Forthwith eſcort the virgin here ;

" But

" But let me caution you once more,
" Well to remember what you've ſwore."

Thus having his injunctions ſpoke,
He vaniſh'd in a cloud of ſmoke;
Then ZEYN and MORABEC took horſe,
And back to Cairo ſped their couſe.

CANTO III.

SOON as to Cairo ZEYN got back,
His mind was ſo much on the rack,
He ſcarcely for a ſingle day
Th' inveſtigation would delay.
'Twas plainly neceſſary, he
Should multitudes of virgins ſee;
Yet difficult, for trav'llers tell us,
Where climes are ſultry, men are jealous.
However, his broad pieces gain
A procureſs in every lane;
Whoſe labours, in a week or two,
Preſented thouſands to his view.

The glaſs perpetually ſtain'd,
To MORABEC thus ZEYN complain'd:—
" Tho' many thouſands I have ſeen,
" The looking-glaſs is never clean;

" Too inconteſtible a proof
" The Genii wants to keep aloof;
" And, therefore, has requir'd of me
" An abſolute nonentity:
" No more in queſt of which I'll roam,
" But hie me, diſappointed, home."

" Prince," anſwer'd Morabec, " I own
" Impatient you're with reaſon grown;
" But, after what you lately ſwore,
" The ſearch you can't give ſafely o'er.
" Let's try what Bagdad will produce,
" The journey will at leaſt amuſe."

Away to Bagdad then they went,
A noble palace there they rent.

It happen'd, as it has elſewhere,
A ſcoundrel was Lord Mayor there,
Led by an Alderman at will,
Who was a greater ſcoundrel ſtill;
A ſycophantick, ſcurvy dog,
But with the Liv'ry much in vogue,
Who ſaw not thro' the ſhallow rogue.
Our trav'llers, to a turtle feaſt,
Forgot to aſk him as a gueſt.

MESWYN (that was the villain's name)
This ſmall omiſſion did inflame;

And,

And, in revenge, made him furmiſe,
That he ſuſpected they were ſpies,
Who, trait'rouſly to Bagdad came,
Cloak'd under a fictitious name;
Whence he inferr'd, the common weal
Requir'd both ſhould be put in jail;
And therefore humbly mov'd, the May'r
Would order them a lodging there:
Having no party to befriend 'em,
A warrant iſſu'd t' apprehend 'em.

But Morabec directly went
The falſe accuſer to content:
Reſpectfully a viſit paid,
And gently to his hand convey'd
A purſe, whoſe ſides of net-work hold
Abundance of perſuaſive gold.

Thus pacify'd, away he ran,
And ſtopp'd the miſchief he began:
All he had ſaid before, unſaid,
Maintain'd, the ſtory that had ſpread,
Was all a curſed impoſition,
The ſtrangers were of high condition,
Whom to impriſon were a pity;
The freedom rather of the city,
In box of gold, and nicely carv'd,
Their ſhining qualities deſerv'd.

Next day he, as appointed, waited
On ZEYN, and earneſtly entreated,
That hemight his commands receive,
To ſhew how much he was his ſlave.

This town they ſearch'd ſo long in vain,
That ZEYN impatient grew again.
At laſt, one ev'ning, as he ſtray'd
Thro' a vaſt foreſt's awful ſhade;
Reclining on a moſſy ſtone,
He ſpied a Derviſe all alone,
In ſhape and air reſembling him
Whom thrice he talk'd with in a dream.

ZEYN, little knowing who or what
The Derviſe was, began to chat;
Explain'd what Morabec and he,
So very anxious were to ſee;
What diſappointments they had met,
But that they were purſuing yet;
Entreated him to lend his aid
To point him out ſo fair a maid.

"The Derviſe," anſwer'd Prince, "if earth
"To ſuch a prodigy gives birth,
"I know her place of reſidence,
"Which is not twenty miles from hence.

"Her

" Her ſire, once Miniſter of State,
" This only child to educate;
" To power and grandeur bade farewell,
" In a ſequeſter'd ſeat to dwell.

" Her age, I know, is juſt fifteen,
" Her ſhape, her beauty, air, and mein,
" Surpaſſes what has yet been ſeen;
" But whether ſhe will ſtand the glaſs
" Is more than I pretend to gueſs;
" But ſurely there's no reaſon why
" Your Highneſs ſhould not fairly try."

The Prince expreſs'd his obligation,
For the much-wanted information;
And then with Morabec advis'd,
Who was agreeably ſurpris'd;
Declar'd there could not be a doubt
That they directly ſhould ſet out,
And order'd that a chaiſe and four
Should be got ready in an hour.

They ſoon, with ſuch an equipage,
Could have made out a longer ſtage;
But halted at a country inn,
Tho' ſmall, commodious and clean,
Some gun-ſhots diſtant from the place
Where was the object of their chace.

Much from the maſter of the houſe,
And more from his loquacious ſpouſe,
Our trav'llers made a ſhift to gather
About the lady and her father.

ALASNAM then the hoſteſs told,
Pains he wou'd neither ſpare nor gold
The peerleſs beauty to behold.

The hoſteſs complaiſantly ſaid,
She'd found the lady's waiting-maid,
But of her ſcruples was afraid.
"O! for her ſcruples never fear,
"(Cry'd ZEYN) do you but bring her here."

When ſhe arriv'd, the hoſteſs ſpoke
Of ZEYN's propoſal as a joke:
But all turn'd ſerious by degrees,
And ſoon th' aſtoniſh'd huſſy ſees
Both gentlemen upon their knees,
Who wiſely to entreaties join
The ſilent eloquence of coin.

This was too much to be reſiſted,
When ſuch a trifle was requeſted;
So ſhe conſented ZEYN that night
Should of her miſtreſs have a ſight;

And,

And, for that purpoſe, bid him come
Along with her when ſhe went home.
When there, ſhe ſecretly convey'd
Him to the garden's deepeſt ſhade,
Whence he unſeen could view a ſeat,
To which the lady wou'd retreat
In *diſhabille*, and all alone,
Soon as th' evening breeze came on.

As ſhe predicted, when the breeze
Was heard to ruſtle thro' the trees,
In virtue's majeſty array'd,
Forth came th' incomparable maid;
Her treſſes playing in the wind,
She on the flow'ry bank reclin'd,
And with angelic voice begun
A hymn to the deſcending Sun;
So ſweet her ſtrains, that ev'n the ear
Of Philomel delights to hear.

In vain would my deſcriptive verſe
Attempt her beauties to rehearſe;
Nor ſhould he uſe the pen, but paint,
Who would ZEYN's feelings repreſent.

Him for a while all ſenſe forſook;
But, when himſelf again, he took
The mirror, and with eager look

Survey'd; when, lo! that teſt ſevere
Remain'd immaculate and clear.
Exerting then his nimble feet
(Surprize and rapture made him fleet)
He ran good Morabec to meet;
Who, from his eager look and haſte,
Saw he had lucky been at laſt.

Their heads the two together laid,
How to poſſeſs the wond'rous maid.

" Tho' neither you nor I applaud,
" Or force, (ſaid Morabec) or fraud,
" We muſt, I fear, make uſe of both,
" To keep inviolate your oath.
" To-morrow I'll your rank diſcloſe,
" And marriage in your name propoſe;
" Her father certainly will catch
" At ſuch an advantageous match.
" Thus you'll get entrance to the houſe
" In character of future ſpouſe,
" And unſuſpected, when you pleaſe,
" May on the precious virgin ſeize.
" Such method I could wiſh to ſhun;
" Do it you muſt, or be undone."

Zeyn ſaw the project of his friend
Was well adapted to the end,

But

But yet, to act the double part,
He yielded with reluctant heart;
For there the force of mighty love
Already with the ſtatue ſtrove.

'Twere but ſuperfluous to relate
What paſs'd, when Morabec, in ſtate,
Did on the maiden's father wait.
Soon is an eaſtern marriage made,
And this was but a month delay'd.

Sly Morabec had every day
A ſcheme for carrying her away;
But many a plan, tho' well concerted,
Was by croſs circumſtances thwarted.

At laſt, as with him once the Fair
Went in his chaiſe to take the air,
(While ZEYN, who knew what was deſign'd,
Rode with an anxious heart behind)
Inſtructed by their maſter's eye
The laſh his two poſtilions ply,
Their courſers urge to all their ſpeed,
Of which th' adventure ſtood in need.

The lady thought the rapid flight
Occaſion'd by their taking fright;

And,

And, as the ground was ſmooth and plain,
It gave her very little pain;
But when far on the Bagdad road,
And miles remov'd from her abode,
She queſtion'd Morabec with eyes
That ſpoke ſuſpicion and ſurpriſe;
He thought 'twas time then to relate
ZEYN's ſtory from its earlieſt date,
And what ſhe had t' expect from fate:
To which the Fair to reconcile,
He prais'd the Genii's charming iſle,
And palace that unrival'd ſhone
With gold adorn'd and precious ſtone.

Soon as th' unhappy maiden knew
Her lov'd ALASNAM was untrue,
Wou'd to a Genii ſacrifice
Her as a ſtatue's proffer'd price;
Grief, Indignation, and Amaze
Diſfigure her late lovely face;
She rends the air with piercing cries,
Tears pour in torrents from her eyes,
Her boſom heaves heart-breaking ſighs.

The prince, whoſe ſympathiſing ear
Cou'd not her lamentation bear,
Came up diſtracted, ſtopp'd the chaiſe,
And would the injur'd Fair releaſe;

Then

Then Morabec, with clouded brow:—
" Is this conſiſtent with your vow?
" If the ninth ſtatue ſtill you hope,
" If quick deſtruction's not your ſcope,
" Retire, unthinking prince, retire,
" Nor further tempt the Genii's ire."

But ZEYN, by keeneſt paſſion ſtung,
Thus gave raſh licence to his tongue:—
" Curs'd be the fatal oath I ſwore,
" And curs'd be he that took it, more!
" His wrath can only make me die.
" By coward motives ſway'd, ſhall I
" Be deaf to love and beauty's cry?
" Turn, Morabec, the maid reſtore
" To whence her faithleſsly you bore."
Then Morabec, " Your death alone
" Wont for your perjuries atone.
" Prince, you're no ſtranger to the art
" Which magic powers to me impart;
" This inſtant from the chaiſe recede,
" Or, by our holy Prophet's head,
" Th' ill-fated darling of your ſoul,
" Become a monſter fierce and foul,
" Shall thro' the neighb'ring foreſts howl."

With horror pale the prince withdrew,
(That threat alone cou'd him ſubdue)

And

And Morabec, with doubl'd ſpeed,
Commanded that the chaiſe proceed.
They ſoon their houſe at Bagdad reach'd,
And onward with freſh horſes ſtretch'd.
No time they loſe, no ſtop they make,
Till they approach'd the Genii's lake,
Where all the three were ferry'd o'er,
As ZEYN and MORABEC before.

The King was ſummon'd to appear,
When to his palace they drew near;
And when, as formerly, he came,
To the ninth ſtatue ZEYN laid claim,
Preſenting, but with awkward grace,
The maid that ſtood th' unerring glaſs;
Whom eagerly the king ſurvey'd,
Then, gracious, to ALASNAM ſaid:—
"You did not ſtrictly keep your vow,
"But I for frailty much allow;
"Upon the whole, 'twas bravely done,
"And the ninth ſtatue fairly won:
"Which forthwith thro' the trackleſs air
"A Genii ſhall triumphant bear.
"Before you're home, whate'er your haſte,
"'Twill on its pedeſtal be plac'd."

ALASNAM to his fate ſubmits,
And ſullenly the Genii quits.

Him

Him Morabec, with all his art,
In vain attempted to divert;

With furious haſte he homeward drove,
And by that poor expedient ſtrove
To huſh th' upbraiding voice of Love:
For 'twas not ardour to poſſeſs
The ſtatue, made him onward preſs;
As, be the ſtatue what it would,
Its utmoſt value never could
Compenſate for the wond'rous maid,
He to the Genii had betray'd.

Arriv'd,---ZEYN to his mother goes,
To her unboſom's all his woes,
Whoſe feelings they but ſlightly touch,
Her paſſion for the ſtatue ſuch.

Then to the ſubterraneous room,
Where diamond rays diſpel the gloom,
They ruſh'd with flutt'ring hearts, and view'd
The pillar where the ſtatue ſtood,
But, lo! it was of fleſh and blood.
And *the ninth ſtatue* prov'd the Fair,
Who ſtood a trial ſo ſevere.

" Prince (ſaid ſhe ſmiling,) much I fear
" You'll be chagrin'd to find me here,

" And think your labour poorly paid,
" The recompence—a ſimple maid."

Fair maid (ſaid ZEYN,) but as he tries
For what was paſt t'apologize,
Approaching thunder's ſound was heard,
And then the Genii's ſelf appear'd:
" I give you joy (he cried) my ſon,
" Your tantalizing trial's done;
" By their inſtructive leſſons train'd,
" The empire of yourſelf you've gain'd;
" And now, that all vexation's o'er,
" You'll reliſh eaſe and pleaſure more.
" Be happy:—to the nuptial bed
" Let this unequall'd Fair be led;
" And always hold this maxim true,
" She'll ne'er prove falſe while conſtant you."

FAREWELL TO THE COUNTRY.

A SONG.

THE boiſt'rous wind,
And rattling ſhow'rs,
Have ('twas unkind)
Kill'd all the flow'rs.
Roſe, fare-thee-well;
Sweet Pink, adieu;
In town, I'll tell,
To beau and belle,
How much I felt on leaving you.

Tho' now laid low,
You dead appear,
You're ſure to blow
Another year:
Next Spring you'll come,
This place t' adorn,
With gaudy bloom,
And ſweet perfume;
But I, poor I, may ne'er return.

DE LUCO AMÆNO.*

Hic Cytherea tuo poteras cum Marte jacere,
Vulcanus prohibetur aquis, Sol pellitur umbris.

IMITATED.

Here, undiſturb'd, to lengthen ſoft delight,
Why did not Venus, with her Mars, retire?
The wood had ſcreen'd them from the God of Light,
The water ſav'd them from the God of Fire.

ON EMIGRATIONS.

The reaſon, t' other day, ſaid Tom,
Why Highlanders abandon home
For explanation calls.
A crazy dwelling, anſwer'd Mat,
Is left by the ſagacious rat,
Some time before it falls.

* This Epigram is in Menagiana, tom IV. p. 310.

THE

THE WISH.

A SONG.

INSCRIBED TO

C—s—o G—r—n, Esq. M. P.

AFTERWARDS ONE OF THE BARONS OF EXCHEQUER.

Tune—"AS NEAR TO PORTO-BELLO LYING."

Cosmo, while, to ſave the nation,
You till midnight often ſit,
I enjoy the Spring vacation
When the weather will permit.

But the dreary tempeſt, howling,
Seldom lets me croſs the door;
Getting thus but little bowling,
I on books am forc'd to pore.

Trees in gardens, thorns in fences,
Show'd ſome weeks ago 'twas Spring;
And the birds, ſo weak their ſenſe is,
Prematurely try'd to ſing.

When,

When, with little premonition,
  Froſt and Snow did ſally forth;
Two ſad dogs in Oppoſition,
  Tho' connected much with *North*.

Speak, O ſpeak, to George the mighty!
  Me his conſul to depute;
At Algiers or Otaheite,
  Any ſultry place will ſuit.

Bleſt with days, nor cold, nor hazy,
  Bleſt with fields, nor wet, nor poor;
Where voluptuous and lazy,
  Men no irkſome toil endure.

THE

DISAPPOINTED EPICURES,

AN EPISTLE TO CAPTAIN JAMES EDGAR, COLLECTOR OF THE CUSTOMS AT LEITH.

WRITTEN IN MARCH 1773.

Occaſioned by a report that the French Cook, who had been hired by FORTUNE, *in whoſe Houſe two noted Clubs (the Stoic and Capillaire) dined once a week, in the Room marked No. 9. had been loſt at Sea.*

O nimium cœlo et pelago confiſe ſereno,
Nudus in ignota, Palinure, jacebis arena. VIRGIL.

O THOU, whatever name thine ear allure,
Collector, Captain Edgar, Beau Dineur;
Theſe plaintive verſes 'ſdain not to peruſe,
And ſhare the ſorrows of a ſtoic muſe:
Let not raſh Fancy her abſurdly paint,
A ſtarveling ſongſtreſs or a meagre ſaint;
No, ſhe's a jolly goddeſs, fat and fair,
A proper member for the Capillaire;
Congenial feelings in her ſtomach glow,
Ambroſia ſhe, for claret, would forego;
Would, tho' Apollo's darling 'mongſt the nine,
At *Fortune*'s rather than *Parnaſſus* dine.

O ſay! how long ſhall we impatient look
For the arrival of the Paris cook;

Solicitous

Solicitous from windows to the north
For months we've gaz'd inceſſant on the Forth;
With leſs anxiety the Ceſtos-*maid*,
From her high tow'r the Helleſpont ſurvey'd,
When her fond eyes expected to perceive
The young Leander gliding thro' the wave;
And many fear, but, gracious Heav'n, forbid!
The cook has periſh'd as the lover did.

Accurs'd the fiend! that urg'd thee to inſpire,
Untravell'd Epicures with new deſire:
Why didſt thou, cruel, feelingly explain,
What nice ingredients form *Soup a-la'-Reine?*---
Enraptur'd! why deſcribe *Mouton-a-l'eau*,
And all the richneſs of the *Fricandeau?*
Till then, alas! we unrepining fed,
On lamb, mock-turtle, wild-duck, and calfs' head:
But theſe, and ſuch as theſe, delight no more,
Fortune in vain produces all his ſtore,
We loathe the diſhes that we lik'd before.

If, as bad omens lead us to believe,
Our expectations envious gods deceive;
We go diſguſted to ſome lone retreat,
Where men unſcientifically eat,
Who thank their ſtars their country can afford
A tumid haggies to adorn their board.

If

If thou, of Fortune hitherto the prop,
A ſcheme ſo dangerous to him would'ſt ſtop,
One only method's left you to purſue;---
Equip a veſſel, hire a choſen crew,
Let their commander be a truſty tar,
And bid them ſteer for th' Iſle of Nicobar;
There, honeſt Keoping's ſimple page relates,
That men wag tails, reſembling thoſe of cats*:
The hardy ſailors muſt theſe monſters dock,
Although humanity the action ſhock;
Then bear triumphant home the trailing ſpoils,
Well worthy your expence, and their Herculean toils;
Pickl'd, or devil'd, on them we'll fondly feaſt,
The laſt and beſt production of the Eaſt;
Then thee to favour gratefully reſtore,
And ceaſe the Frenchman's abſence to deplore.

Gods! with what ardour connoiſſeurs ſhall wiſh
To be partakers of the wond'rous diſh!
Linnæus, *Upſal*, ſhall abandon ſtreight,
And on the Stoics *as a ſuppliant wait*:
Then from St John-ſtreet ſhall M——o trudge,
And number nine be honour'd with a Judge:

* See Monboddo on Language, Vol. I.

The fair ſex too, our croupier ſhall careſs,
And invitations purchaſe with a kiſs:
For tho' ſtern Virtue's rigid rules ordain,
From taverns modeſt women to refrain,
This dainty o'er all prudery prevails;
No want of ladies, if no want of tails.

THE

NEW DIVINITY.

He who firſt taught the grape to ſtrain,
And ſhe, delight of gods and men,
Have many a ſounding name:
Lycœus, Bacchus, charm his ears;
Well pleas'd ſhe Cytherea hears,
And Laughter-loving dame.

Them to adorn in every clime,
The ſculptor's tool, the poet's rhyme,
And painter's pencil join;
But, mighty *God of Eating*, thou,
Thy pow'r, tho' all mankind allow,
Can'ſt call no honours thine.

To nameleſs thee no temples riſe,
No vows are paid, no ſacrifice
By holy hands is burn'd,
To thee, ev'n at a city-feaſt,
Nor ſong was ever yet addreſt,
Nor grateful thanks return'd.

Ye Epicures of claſſic wit,
Invent an appellation fit
For ſuch a God to bear;
And after each luxurious treat,
To him let ſated gueſts repeat
An univerſal pray'r.

THE

MAN OF THE WOODS.

WRITTEN IN 1775.

Ye rulers of nations
Stop not emigrations,
Let males at leaſt go with good grace;
For Africa's ſhore,
Of Monkies a ſtore
Can furniſh to better our race.

Linnæus maintains
That tropical plains
Reluctant they quit, but that's Stuff;
For good cloaths them put on,
Beef give them and mutton,
And you ſhall have Monkies enough.

There's Bruce of Kinnaird,
How hard has he far'd
In deſarts of barren-parch'd ſoil!
Him nothing could ſtop,
Tho' all his food, Hope,
To trace out the Source of the Nile.

If for ſo ſmall matter,
(The Nile's but mere water)
A wiſe man could take ſo much trouble;
'Tis paſt all conteſting,
Wine, women, and feaſting,
A wild man will prompt to take double.

To ſhew he loves eating,
A tale's with repeating,
Of one that was brought from Angola;
If you think it not true,
(As ſome people do)
Monboddo's the author I follow.

When

When one of the crew
From ſhipboard withdrew,
How ſad did the wild creature look!
He burſt into tears,
But then it appears,
The man, he bewail'd, was the Cook.

A CARD

TO

A LADY IN THE NEW TOWN,

FROM

A GENTLEMAN IN THE OLD TOWN OF EDINBURGH.

WRITTEN IN 1779.

LEANDER, who, the poets write,
The Helleſpont ſwam ev'ry night,
(Strength mighty Love ſupplied)
ould, juſtly, have felt very ſore,
Had, when he gain'd the lady's door,
Admittance been denied.

Like him, no leſs enamour'd ſwain,
I have great reaſon to complain,
When ſhut on me your gate;

Since

Since I (tho' ſeeming ſtrange 'tis true)
Each time I go to viſit you,
Brave as ſevere a fate.

What intervenes 'twixt you and me,
Altho' a bridge, and not a ſea,
Is equally unkind:
From water I confeſs it ſaves,
No fear of periſhing by waves,
But very great by wind.

SONG

ON

LADY W——CE.

WRITTEN IN 1779.

Tune—FREE-MASONS' SONG.

YE poets, whoſe lays
Aſpire at the bays,
(My talent at rhyming but ſmall is)
Come cheerful along,
And give me a ſong
To celebrate ſweet Lady W--l--e.

As

As Venus ſhe's fair,
Like Juno's, her air,
(I've nothing to ſay as to Pallas)
With helmet and blade
Th' immortal old maid
Reſembles not ſweet Lady W--l--e.

The fragrance and heat
Of Summer we meet,
As ſoon as we're haunted by ſwallows:
The graces delight,
And vie, without ſpite,
T' accompany ſweet Lady W--l--e.

O! Lady ſo fair,
Of talents ſo rare,
His feelings are ſhockingly callous,
Who heaves not a ſigh,
Whoſe pulſe beats not high,
In preſence of ſweet Lady W--l--e.

Th' improver may toil
To better his ſoil,
At turnips work hard, and at fallows;
But I'd diſavow,
Spade, harrows, and plough,
To cultivate ſweet Lady W--l--e.

Her

Her mother, I hear,
A houſe is to rear,
Where once, it is ſaid, ſtood the gallows:
Ah! who can refuſe
His neck to the nooſe,
If offer'd by ſweet Lady W--l--e.

TO THE SAME,

ON HER ASKING A PENSION.

WRITTEN IN 1779.

ABOLISH penſions, patriots cry of late,
No other way to ſave the ſinking State;
But when by crafty North it was confeſs'd,
That you a place requeſted on the liſt,
Pale Oppoſition hung her ſickly head,
Ev'n Sir George Saville in confuſion fled;
Nay, many counties one petition ſign,
"We as abſurd abandon the deſign,
"Let France prevail, but penſion Eglantine."

Thus fooliſh Trojans to old Priam came,
And urg'd th' expulſion of the Spartan dame;
But ſoon repentant when they ſaw her, ſwore,
The matchleſs fair 'twere ſhameful to reſtore.

Hector

Hector himself, as virtuous as brave,
For once of passion was th' unwary slave;
Therefore, regardless of his Wife and Son,
He join'd the common cry, " Let war go on,
" We perish pleas'd by beauty, if undone."

THE

PARLIAMENTARY DUELLISTS.

WRITTEN IN 1780.

AFTER SEVERAL DUELS HAD BEEN FOUGHT BY MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

INSCRIBED BOTH TO MAJORITY AND MINORITY.

As soon as Cadmus had the dragon slain,
Its teeth he scatter'd o'er the furrow'd plain,
For so did godlike oracles ordain;
But soon the teeth, re-animated, rose,
Though metamorphosed into mortal foes,
Who, such the whimsical decree of Fate,
Attack'd each other with relentless hate.

'Twixt you, my masters, and that earth-born
race,
The dullest eye may much resemblance trace;

Like them, to venom you importance owe;
With mutual ſpite, like theirs your boſoms glow;
Like them you fight too—here I ſtop indeed,
No farther can the ſimile proceed:
For of that monſtrous multitude, but five
Did, if mythologiſts ſpeak true, ſurvive,
But all our duelliſts are ſtill alive.

O! that ſome god, propitious to the State,
Would make your courage equal to your hate;
With mutual wounds then all our members ſlain,
Her counſels firm, her force not ſpent in vain,
Britain, her former glory would regain!

EPITAPH

ON

Dr YOUNG,

THE CELEBRATED ACCOUCHEUR, WHO DIED SUDDENLY.

HERE lies
A moſt extraordinary man.
He ſaved the lives of thouſands,
Though he was a Phyſician;
And took the greateſt liberties,
with the chaſteſt matrons,
Without offending themſelves,
or,
What is more ſurpriſing,
Their huſbands.
Mothers and daughters wept his death:
The former from gratitude,
The latter from expectation.
He died, alas! of an apoplexy.
Cupid!
You gave him no aſſiſtance;
And, by the omiſſion, prov'd yourſelf,
A god, as ungrateful, as blind:
For this great man's life was ſpent,
In preventing,
Love's labour from being loſt.

ON

THE SAME.

IN FRENCH.

Cy git, un homme a mainte femme,
Qui tata ſouvent pas le pouls,
Et bon Repos ſoit a ſon ame,
N'a fait aucun mari jaloux ;
Un coup ſi rude, & ſi ſevere,
Fait tout le beaux Sexe gemir,
En penſent au paſſé, la mere,
Et la Pucelle a l' avenir.

EPITAPH

EPITAPH

INTENDED FOR THE TOMB OF

Mrs MACLAURIN.

HERE are interred the remains of
Mrs ESTHER CUNNINGHAME.
After diſcharging, with the greateſt propriety,
Every duty belonging to her ſex and ſtation,
She was ſeized with a fever, on perceiving
That an infant, and favourite ſon, was taken mortally ill:
He having died on the morning of 8th January 1780,
She remained but a few hours behind;
And they were conveyed in one coffin
To the grave below.
Not friends only, but ſtrangers, lamenting
Their hard and uncommon fate.
Her huſband, John MacLaurin, of Dreghorn,
One of the Senators of the College of Juſtice,
Inſcribed this Stone in 1789:
To ſhew that the lapſe of years
had not diminiſhed his grief.

To

To ſoothe the affliction of his ſurviving children,
If they, at times, ſhall repair to this melancholy place;
And to give ſome ſatisfaction
To the humane and feeling, who, in paſſing, may enter this Tomb;
For they will not depart without contemplating
A memorial raiſed in honour of a Lady,
Whoſe only failing
Was---too much ſenſibility.

FROM

FROM THE

THIRD SCENE

OF THE

FIRST ACT

OF

THE ADRIANO OF METASTASIO.

YET, from my hand, a deadly blow
Awaits thee, haughty chief of Rome;
For Oſra, worſted by his foe,
Remains unconquer'd, tho' o'ercome.

Thus, if the ſturdy ſtubborn Oak,
That brav'd, for centuries, the blaſt,
By a no common tempeſt's ſtroke,
Fall to the earth, o'erpower'd, at laſt.

Soon in a ſtately veſſel's form,
He proudly ploughs the yielding main;
And triumphs o'er the very ſtorm
That laid him proſtrate on the plain.

ON

ON THE

NICHE

IN THE

DINING-ROOM AT DREGHORN.

THIS Niche the maſon ſcoop'd with thoughtleſs pride,
For not a ſtatue can ſupply the void;
The Medicean goddeſs will not ſuit,
In height defective nearly half a foot.
There is, indeed, a certain form that would,
But 'tis, alas! compos'd of fleſh and blood.
O! that kind Nature would to me impart
The ſecret of her petrefactive art:
Soon ſhould Elvira fill the vacant ſpace,
Then would the ſnarling connoiſſeurs confeſs,
The fineſt ſtatue Dreghorn does poſſeſs.

ON

ON

SEEING A STATUE

OF THE

VENUS DE MEDICIS AT DREGHORN,

BY A LADY.

Your marble goddeſs, from her height,
May tempt the heart, and charm the ſight;
But wou'd you wiſh the nymph you love,
To ſtand ſo high, ſo cold to prove?
Yes, faith, nor doubt her breaſt to warm,
And from her high poſition charm.

THE

CRUEL VISIT.

To Dreghorn oft has cruel Chloe come,
But not till certain I have quitted home;
And knowing abſence, if prolong'd, abates
Th' impreſſion beauty while in ſight creates.
When laſt ſhe call'd, ſhe bad an artiſt trace,
On mimic canvaſs, her unrivall'd face;

He, ſuch commands delighted to fulfil,
Graſp'd his beſt pencil, ſummon'd all his ſkill;
Cull'd the moſt brilliant colours from his ſtore,
To heighten charms too dangerous before;
And now her form, exhibited to view,
Hangs a temptation, and a torment too.
This faireſt lady, you muſt needs confeſs,
Is tyrannizing to a wild exceſs;
Remove your portrait when you come again,
Yet that would only mitigate my pain,
To make me happy, muſt yourſelf remain.

VERSES

WRITTEN ON A PIANO-FORTE.

Altho' not play'd this inſtrument by wind,
Yet 'tis as changeable, and was deſign'd
To be an emblem of the female mind.
At firſt, its notes all ſweet and gentle flow,
But noiſy ſoon, and boiſterous, they grow:
Juſt ſo with women, fools the men who court ye;
Piano you're while maids;—but when you're
married,—Forté.

THE

REFORMED JUDICATURE.

WRITTEN IN 1791.

'Tis not the art of Politics alone
That in this age has to perfection grown;
Mechanics claim, in theſe enlighten'd days,
An equal wonder and an equal praiſe:
They make the flail by hands unguided threſh,
With greateſt eaſe they ſpin, they churn, they waſh;
Save to the maid the trouble of the tub,
And gently preſs what ſhe was wont to rub:
Nay, true it is, tho' ſtrange I muſt confeſs,
They ſhine in muſic, or they beat at cheſs:
One effort more, I truſt, they will not grudge,
And kindly help us, by machines, to Judge.

A

PACIFIC PROPOSAL.

APRIL 1791.

QUEEN of the North, and thou puiſſant Turk,
Compoſe your feuds, and ceaſe your bloody work:
Or if the Eaſt betwixt you won't divide,
By ſingle combat the fell ſtrife decide:
Oft was this method anciently purſu'd,
Oft hoſtile heroes pour'd their precious blood,
While armies ſpar'd, well pleas'd ſpectators ſtood.
Nor tell me, that the difference of ſex
The mode and laws of battle will perplex.
O! it ſuggeſts a happy-healing thought,
A duel that may harmleſsly be fought.
Do thou, Grand Signior, tho' it coſt thee pain,
From thy Seraglio for ſome days abſtain;
Then to a Congreſs urge the mighty Queen,
Empreſs of all the Ruſſias, Catharine.

Soon the Czarina ſhall exclaim:---No more,
I yield, dear Turk, to thy ſuperior pow'r;
Make

Make my Black Eagle to thy Creſcent bow,
The Euxine's navigation diſavow,
And cede the long-conteſted Ockzakow.
But as what female has of faults no ſpice,
I have, in butter, long been over nice;
Indulge me, Ottoman, one ſingle whim,
And give me ſtill poſſeſſion of the *Crim.*

Peace thus procur'd, his huge but uſeleſs ſpear
The God of War ſhall break, and diſappear;
While Venus' banner, by the Loves unfurl'd,
Shall wave triumphant o'er a ſmiling world.

TO

MR BURKE,

ON

HIS LETTERS ON THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN IN 1791.

To Crœſus, who his treaſures ſpread,
Call no man happy till he's dead,
Exclaim'd th' Athenian Sage:
Burke, you confirm this maxim's truth,
Champion for Liberty in youth,
For Tyranny in age.

What

What motive ſay, your jaded pen,
To ridicule the rights of men,
Could prompt you to devote?
Imaginable, none that's good;
Hence, not for Louis, I conclude,
But Louis d'or you wrote.

NIGHT.

WITH toilſome day's viciſſitudes oppreſt,
In ſoothing ſleep all living creatures reſt;
True to the ſun the flowers their foliage cloſe,
The drooping trees or feel, or feign repoſe;
In ſtreams leſs noiſy rapid rivers flow,
The Winds, exhauſted, rather breathe than blow;
And tho' ſtill fretting on his wavy bed,
And tho' his murmur ſtill inſpiring dread,
Ocean appeas'd, partakes in ſome degree
Of Nature's general tranquillity;
Of Night the guardian, and of Stars the queen,
Th' aſcending Moon, in majeſty ſerene,
Gives light and luſtre to the ſolemn ſcene.

THE

LORD ORDINARY,

BEING A PARAPHRASE OF

Qui ſtudet optatam curſu contingere metam,
Multa tulit fecitque puer, ſudavit & alſit.

THE Judge, whoſe indefatigable ſoul
Pants to diſcuſs a more than common roll,
Buſy from all amuſements muſt refrain,
And much from women, more from wine abſtain:
Muſt not at leiſure ſip his morning tea,
Or on his bread his butter ſlowly lay;
But gobble up his breakfaſt, and away.
For he, in Summer's ſun, and Winter's ſnow,
To Court muſt early, and exactly, go;
There, unconfounded, by the Macer's * roar,
Call many a cauſe that he has call'd before;
Examine doubt, obſcurity explain,
Quicken delay, and counteract chicane:
Till told, the Court without a quorom ſit,
And that his ſeat he inſtantly muſt quit.
In vain he would remonſtrate and repine
To end his roll, abortive the deſign,
Tho' not amuſe, he muſt complete the Nine †.

* A contraction for Macebearer.

† Nine of the Judges muſt be preſent, otherwiſe the Court muſt adjourn.

TO

TO

MR POWELL,

THE CELEBRATED PEDESTRIAN.

He who an animal beſtrides,
No pleaſant ſight is while he rides,
T' impartial reaſon's view;
Need of another's legs to move,
His ſpur, his whip, concur to prove,
Him weak and wicked too.

How much then is the human race
Indebted to thy wond'rous pace,
Performer of ſuch courſes,
As have demonſtrated mankind,
A ſpeed poſſeſs with ſtrength combin'd,
Unequall'd yet by horſes!

To celebrate the gen'rous ſteed,
That bore away the palm for ſpeed,
At Grecian games beſtow'd;
The *Theban*, by a king's deſire,
Exerting all his force and fire,
Compos'd the Lyric ode.

To

To thee, much more deſerving praiſe,
Why not addreſs'd applauding lays?
What ſuch reward ſhould hinder?
Let us from Greece example take,
Let ſome ſkill'd hand the Lyre awake,
And Powell have his Pindar.

ODE

TO

PETER PINDAR.

Qui ſic nugatur tractantem ut ſeria vincat
Seria cum faciet, dic rogo quantus erit.

On poets, who muſt notes ſubjoin,
T' explain the malice of each line,
What praiſe can we beſtow?
Like Daubers impotent in paint,
Who tell what they would repreſent
In characters below.

Pope, for his univerſal pray'r,
His Eloiſe, Belinda's hair,
Requir'd no Commentators;
Not till your friend, the Devil, led
Him to compoſe his Dunciad,
And pert ſplenetic ſatires.

The trifling portrait done in oil,
Tho' gainful, is inglorious toil,
Doom'd ſoon to ſtare forgot;
'Tis, to beſtow fame and renown,
The Pencil or the pen to crown,
The finiſh'd picture's lot.

But what reward can him allure,
Who works in mean Caricature?
He genius throws away
On Spleen's moſt deſpicable tool,
That only entertains the fool,
And him but for a day.

Your Dithyrambics on a mouſe
Your epic canto's on a louſe,
Vile inſults on your King,
Savour too much of the buffoon;
Such lays will cenſure, not renown
To thoughtleſs Peter bring.

But if you ſing in lofty rhymes,
The noble topics of the times,
As Pindar did of yore,
You may the Grecian bard outſtrip,
Regardleſs of the critic's whip,
Aloft an eagle ſoar;

Exulting

Exulting in ſuperior force,
Firſt then in the ſublimeſt courſe,
  Your wings triumphant wave;
Mankind encourage every where,
To pluck the Deſpot from his ſphere,
  Emancipate the ſlave.

TO

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN,

THE LATE GENERAL DAVID WEDDERBURN,

GOING TO A PUBLIC BREAKFAST.

WRITTEN IN 1759.

OF old the youth of Greece and Rome,
To ſhows and feſtivals wou'd come,
There crouded to the public games,
Keen t' immortalize their names;
They box'd, ſwam, wreſtl'd, ſcour'd theplain,
Each limb exerted to obtain
The crown of laurel, and a place
In Pindar or in Horace lays.

  In later ages, when renown,
By deeds of chivalry was won,
With jouſts and tournaments, the men
Wou'd the fair ladies entertain,

Who, in good order, took their ſeats,
To ſee their knights exhibit feats.

But we, who are ſo juſtly reckon'd
More happy under GEORGE the Second,
Such cuſtoms have aboliſh'd quite,
As barbarous and unpolite.

The truth is, that our gentle folks,
Can neither wreſtle well, nor box:
Our gentlemen are not ſuch fools,
As to encounter angry bulls;
Nor are our ladies ſo hard-hearted,
As with ſuch ſights to be diverted.
At twelve o'clock, to-morrow meet,
Young men and maidens fair, to eat.

As yeſterday I heard you mutter,
With them you'd take your bread and butter;
I thought the leaſt that I could do,
Was to ſuggeſt a hint or two.

Your time of breakfaſting, and mine,
You know is commonly at Nine.
How will your ſtomach want till noon,
Accuſtom'd to be gorg'd ſo ſoon?
You may maltreat it as you will,
But ſure, it can't but take it ill,

And

And if not fed, as it hath wont,
Will certainly revenge th' affront.

David, methinks, I ſee you talking,
Or, rather, cavalierly walking,
With ſome delicious Laſs, when, lo!
(Pray Heaven forbid it ſhould be ſo)
Your injur'd ſtomach loudly howls,
Each gut in indignation growls,
And bids you pity your own bowels.
Nor think, if, at the uſual hour,
You give it ſomething to devour;
You will not play your part ſo well
As you could wiſh at public meal;
For, when it ſees the table clad
With ſweet-meats, jellies, marmalade,
I'll loſe my life, if it don't roar
A moſt emphatical *encore*.

TO

MR H. S.

WITH A POUND OF BUTTER.

SINCE milk here much, and butter more, abounds,
I ſend you one of our ſuperfluous pounds;
If to its ſhare ſome hairs unnotic'd fall,
Look on its colour, you'll forget them all*.

IMITATION

OF A

FRENCH EPIGRAM

PASTED UP IN SEVERAL PLACES AT PARIS.

WRITTEN IN 1759.

Batteaux plats a vendre,
Soldats a louer,
Miniſtres a pendre,
Genereaux a rouer.

* If to her ſhare, ſome female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all. POPE.

O France!

O France! la ſexe femelle,
Fit toujours ton deſtin;
Ton bonheur vient d'une pucelle,
Ton malheur vient d'une catin.

LET us, ſince all our expeditions fail,
Our troops to hire, our boats expoſe to ſale;
While thoſe in power a juſt chaſtiſement feel.
Belleiſle the gibbet, and Contades the wheel.
In vain, O France! thy legiſlature ſtrove,
From ſtate affairs the women to remove;
Such the unalterable courſe of things,
Thy fate muſt always hang on apron-ſtrings.
What ſtrange reverſe our country has undone,
A ſtrumpet loſes what a virgin won.

VERSES

SPOKEN EXTEMPORE WHILE POSTING THROUGH BANBURY MOOR.

WRITTEN IN 1761.

A CHAISE ſo bad would ev'n a ſaint provoke;
The blinds are ſhatter'd, and the glaſſes broke;
'Tis lin'd with nothing but a tawdry green,
'Tis drawn by horſes, lazy, lame, and lean:
Him,

Him, who theſe animals delights to thwack,
The part of Richard, nature form'd to act;
For crooked is his leg, and mountainous his back.
Ere you fair Scotland ridicule as poor,
Think, Engliſhmen, on your own Banb'ry-moor.

VERSES

IN THE

POST-HOUSE AT NORTHALLERTON.

WRITTEN IN 1761.

READER of theſe crude lines, whoe'er you are,
O! of the poſt-houſe at laſt ſtage* beware.
The Scottiſh inns, why ſhould the Engliſh curſe:
True, they are bad, but this is ten times worſe.

Such was the inn, unleſs Pope's verſes lie†,
Where noble Viller's halted, but to die:
And at York's houſe (an injur'd Scot forgive)
None will put up, who have a mind to live.

---

* Darlington.

† See his epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt, v. 299.

THE

THE

PUBLIC.

A TRAGEDY,

IN ONE SCENE.

AFTER an act of Parliament was obtained for licenſing the theatre at EDINBURGH, ſeveral players ſolicited for the patent, and the town was much divided about them in Winter 1767: many were for LEE, who had played at EDINBURGH for ſome years; a few were for FOOTE, who was the man of merit; but Ross at LONDON had intereſt to get it; upon which LEE's friends, by printed advertiſements, deſired a meeting of what they called the *Public*, at the Croſs-keys, a tavern kept by FORTUNE, and accordingly a number of them (moſtly lawyers,) met in that houſe, and came to ſome very ſingular reſolutions, which they afterwards put into the news-papers.

SCENE, FORTUNE's.

Enter LEE, *ſolus.*

'TIS after three—both time and hunger join
To make me chide, as tardy, my beſt friends:

But, ha! what chamber this, in which I ſee
A table ſpread; plates baſking on the hearth,
And all the harbingers of dinner rang'd!
By Heavens! 'tis the room, the very room
The *Public* met in. What, does *Fortune* mean
It ſhould accommodate, promiſcuouſly,
All ſorts of companies?---He does, 'tis plain.
O! for an hundred tongues, an hundred hands,
To ring each bell, make ev'ry ſervant fly
Here in an inſtant, and remove at once
Theſe utenſils, accurſt. Waiter---Houſe---
'Sdeath how they loiter! tho' each moment's ſtay
Continues injury and profanation
Upon the *Public*'s ſacred majeſty.

Enter FORTUNE.

Ha! Fortune, was this well? Who cou'd have dreamt
You ever would pollute this awful place?
Reflect, raſh vintner,---is not this the room
The *Public* occupy'd but t'other day?
And doſt thou let it out like other numbers?
---Shall bawdy catches,---ſhall ſeducing dice
Outrage the echoes of theſe hallow'd walls,
That t'other day prick'd up their wond'ring ears,
When Public Spirit, with a Siren's voice,
Enforc'd the dictates of impartial truth?
O For-

O Fortune! what a glorious meeting 'twas!
Glorious for you, for me; it has on both
Conferr'd immortal honour and renown:
For, all the men in being now who hear it,
And lateſt generations, when they read it,
With hands uplifted, and with eyes upturn'd,
Shall teſtify their wonder and applauſe:
And, Fortune, when you die, as die you muſt,
This room will moſt aſſuredly afford
A topic for your funeral harangue;
For ev'ry man unprejudic'd, will own
That, tho' ſome others here have taverns kept,
You only had a truly *Public* houſe.

And wilt thou, Fortune, proſtitute this place,
To private clubs, to drunken ribaldry,
The rage of gameſters, and the mirth of fools?
O! 'twere incongruous, unſeemly, baſe,
Nor were more ſhocking ſights to be beheld
When Ocean old, grown covetous of land,
Invaſive, pour'd his overwhelming waves
O'er delug'd earth; then huge Leviathans
Gambol'd in palaces where kings had reign'd,
Tritons and Mermaids, with their foul attendants,
Kennell'd and ſcream'd in public halls, where once
Judges, and orators, and patriots ſpoke.

But I detain thee, Fortune, go thy ways---
Yet ſtay; perhaps this is the laſt, laſt time,
That we a private interview may hold,
And your own boſom cannot fail t'inform you,
What mine muſt feel, at leaving you for ever.

You are not ignorant how I've been us'd,
How hardly us'd by theſe damn'd managers,
Perfidious truſtees---furies---demi-devils,
And yet thou know'ſt not all:---ſhou'd I explain
The whole affair,---*I would a tale unfold*,
Wou'd make that bell with ſympathy to ring,
Theſe plates to dance and clatter with diſdain,
And ev'ry cork ſtart from each bottle's mouth,
And ſmite the roof in boiſterous indignation!

In vain, you know, I've ſtruggl'd for the patent;
In vain urg'd merit, pity, ev'n compaſſion.
Unequal all, to intereſt ſuperior;
And I muſt go, thro' this wide world muſt go;
Indeed a *Ranger*, leaving in deſpair,
This capital ingrate, where rival Roſs,
Licens'd, triumphant, prais'd, acts ev'ry night.

But Roſs, exult not, nor be too ſecure;
It always was the fate of dying heroes,
To propheſy the haughty victor's fall;

That

That gift kind Heav'n indulges, to aſſuage
The vanquiſh'd's grief, and humble proud ſucceſs.
I ſee thee alter'd---ſee a ſtrange reverſe
Of fortune whelm thee.---Ha! what monſtrous ſights!
Adjudgers---poinders---hornings---captions*---jails!

Still I detain thee, Fortune; go, good lad,
And proſper in thy buſineſs: far from thee
Be ſuch bad omens, and diſputes of all ſorts.
Be it thy ſtudy Lawyers t'entertain,
But O! avoid (if poſſible) to ſee them!

* Writs of diſtreſs in Scotland.

AN

EPISTLE

TO THE

REV. DR THOS. BLACKLOCK.

WITH SOME ADDITIONAL STANZAS TO A SONG MADE BY THE DOCTOR TO HIS WIFE.

THO' long determin'd, Doctor, to refuſe
All converſation with the once-lov'd muſe,
Reſolv'd to lead a dull, proſaic life,
To houſehold cares attentive, and your wife,
Say, will your ear a ſhort attention lend
To ſome few rival ſtanzas that I ſend,
Once half a poet, wholly ſtill your friend?
It will, nay more, you'll kindle at the ſong,
Paſt pleaſures recollect, and for a while be young:
Poetic fury ſtill lurks in your frame,
And latent, not extinguiſh'd, is the flame.
So the once vig'rous, now diſabl'd ſteed,
Diſmiſs'd at eaſe to paſture in the mead;
If he but hear the horn or trumpet ſound,
He neighs, he paws, he prances o'er the ground:
Awkwardly active, impotently keen,
He would attempt to be what he has been*.
Such

* Qual feroce deſtrier, ch'al faticoſo
Honor de l'arme vincitor ſia tolto

E laſ-

Such is your caſe, and ſuch, alas! is mine,
Profeſs'd apoſtate from Apollo's ſhrine:
My inclination Law, and care oppoſe,
And, if not fee'd, forbid me to compoſe:
But, touch'd with guineas, at their ſtern command,
Huge volumes come from my reluctant hand;
I bawl, I ſweat, to prove that right is wrong,
And play the ſtrumpet daily with my tongue.

Yet I, impatient of the irkſome toil,
Make my elopement oft from *dureſs vile*;
Then to the country eagerly repair,
And breathe, in raptures, unpolluted air;
Frequent the ſtream that pours my fields along,
And on its banks adore the powers of ſong;
Or elſe indulge, reclining on a tree,
The waking dream, or pleaſing reverie.
While thus entranc'd, I hear, or ſeem to hear,
Wild muſic floating in th' enchanted air;

See

E laſcivo marito in vil ripoſo
Fra gli armenti, e ne paſchi erri diſciolto
S'el deſta ó ſuon di tromba, ó luminoſo
Acciar, cóla toſto annitrendo è volto
Già, giâ brama l'arringo, e l'huom ſul dorſo
Portando, urtato riurtar nel corſo.

Tasso, Ger. lib. xvi. 28.

See airy forms with meaſur'd pace advance,
And, friſking, mingle in the giddy dance:
But ſoon, too ſoon, detected my retreat,
And I am ſummon'd to my former ſtate;
Tho' much inclin'd, I can't prolong my ſtay,
Sad my repentance ſhould I diſobey.

Yet not ſo grievous or your lot, or mine,
As that we ſhould inceſſantly repine.
'Tis true, we're torn from the harmonious maid,
To whom our youth its firſt devotions paid.
But had we ſtill continued her to woo,
Should we have been as happy as we're now?
Had I ſtill haunted the Parnaſſian rills?
Could I have liv'd ſo near to Pentland hills?
And, did you ſtill to Clio pay your vows,
You would not, truſt me, keep ſo good a houſe.

Let us be happy rather, that, in time,
We left the captivating love of rhyme;
And from the muſe, by whom ſo near undone,
As from a Siren or a Circe run;
Seek Love's fair ſovereign, and the God of Wine,
Who merit worſhip, better than the Nine;
By thoſe, while living, we are happy made,
Theſe only puff us after we are dead.

THE

THE

METAMORPHOSIS.

Ἐγὼ δ' ἱππάρχου εἴην, &c.

ANACREON, ODE XX.

AFFECTEDLY Anacreon ſays,
That, to be near his laſs,
He'd be transform'd into her ſtays,
Her ſtockings, ſhoes, or glaſs;

Her patch-box, necklace, flow'rs of gum,
Gown, apron, capuchin;
Nay, pearl-powder would become,
To beautify her ſkin.

But I would undergo a change,
Vain, giddy, lovely Sue,
To gain thy favour, far more ſtrange,
And far more painful too.

What charms finery has for thee,
Alas! too well I know,

And therefore wiſh, ſome god would me
Transfigure to a beau.

Since empty titles would to thee
No trifling joy afford;
To pleaſe thee then, dear Sue, I'll be
(So pleaſe the king) a lord.

To much more I will aim ere long,
And, to get an eſtate,
I'll lick gold-duſt with fawning tongue
At ſome great ſcoundrel's feet.

THE

RESPECTFUL LOVER.

LET others more forward behave,
With rudeneſs or impudent air;
For my part, I cannot believe
That briſkneſs and braſs win the fair.

Of her I adore, ev'ry glance
A tender confuſion inſpires:
Her charms ſo majeſtic at once
Invite, and yet awe my deſires.

How often, in vain, the whole day
To ſhew my keen paſſion, I ſtrove;
And then took ſome round-about way
To tell her how ardent my love?

How I fondled and flutter'd the roſe
To-day in her breaſt that ſhe wore;
She certainly could not ſuppoſe
I ever once thought on the flower.

I threaten'd to pluck off its head,
Attempted its leaves to deſtroy;
For when a feign'd ſtruggle ſhe made,
Her boſom I touch'd by the bye.

Alone when I gaze on her charms,
How fain would I raviſh a kiſs?
How fain claſp her ſhape to my arms?
But I dread ſhe would take it amiſs.

Tho' modeſt perhaps to a fault,
Tho' baſhful and aukward my air;
Yet my heart with true paſſion is fraught,
And I will not ſubmit to deſpair.

A SONG.

Nec tamen interea raucæ, tua cura, palumbes,
Nec gemere aeria cessabit turtur ab ulmo. VIRG. ECL. I.

Tune,—THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

WHILE other churches, with ſucceſs
Inſtruct men how to live and die,
The inſolence of Vice repreſs,
And guide them to the realms on high;

Ours ſhall improve the common tunes,
Change all devotion into ſhow,
Clothe the precentors with black gowns,
And make each church a very beau.

What tho' fanatics join to blame
The gilded deſk or painted pew;
And in a holy rage exclaim,
Sure each man ſits in a vain ſhew?

Nor fear when, from religious ſpite,
They plot the downfall of your dove;

For

For beaux and beauties ſhall unite,
To guarantee the bird of love.

But ſay, what has he in his mouth?
It looks unſeemly at firſt view;
Would he gulp down ſome pill uncouth,
Or does the bird tobacco chew?

Yet ſay, why on the pulpit's top
Was the dear creature perch'd alone;
There ſolitary left to mope,
And his unhappy fate bemoan?

Two clergymen, auſtere and grave,
O'er this collegiate charge are plac'd;
Then, honour'd rulers, by your leave,
We'll have a pigeon for each prieſt.

I joy to ſee the clerk appear,
Proud of his ſweeping black diſguiſe;
But why do not the beadles wear
Eccleſiaſtic liveries?

The man who to the playhouſe goes,
Will ſee thoſe who the candles ſnuff
Have yellow lining to their cloaths,
Turn'd up too with a yellow cuff.

Since

Since folks of faſhion won't ſit nigh
To their men-ſervants or their maids;
Erect a footmens' gallery,
As in the playhouſe, o'er our heads.

Tickets, you likewiſe ſhould deviſe,
And ſtop collections for the poor;
Elſe you can never advertiſe,
No money taken at the door.

ON

ON THE

STATUE OF HYGEIA.

AT ST. BERNARD'S WELL, NEAR EDINBURGH,

BUILT BY LORD GARDENSTON,

FROM THE FOLLOWING LATIN EPIGRAM OF THE DECEASED LORD HAILES.

WRITTEN IN NOV. 1791.

HEU! fuge fatales hauſtus, fuge virus aquarum,
Quiſquis es, et damno diſce cavere meo;
Namque ego morborum domitrix Hygeia, liquorem
Guſtavi imprudens facta videbar anus.
Jam demiſſa humeros, et crure informis utroque
Riſubus a populo pretereunte petor.
At tu poſthabitis Nymphis, ſolennia Baccho
Fer ſacra, telluris ſic quoque fecit Herus.

A FINISH'D Beauty I from London came,
Grace and proportion had adorn'd my frame,
But raſh I taſted this empoiſon'd well,
And ſtraight ('tis true, tho' wonderful to tell)
To ſize gigantic all my members ſwell.

Whether

Whether through coal the fountain urge its
courſe,
Or noxious metals taint its hidden ſource,
Or (envious neighbour) Cloacina, ſtain
The ſtream with liquid from the Queen-ſtreet
drain;
Th' effect is certain, though the cauſe obſcure:
My figure ought to frighten, not allure;
And, blameleſs, tho' the ſkilful ſculptor's hand,
Not as a ſtatue, but a beacon, ſtand,
Thou! whom amuſement or diſtemper brings,
To view the pillars, or to try the ſprings,
Warn'd by my fate, the nauſeous draught de-
cline,
The Lord Erector's regimen be thine,
Abſtain from water, and indulge in wine.

ODE TO WAR*.

WRITTEN IN 1795.

Ἄρες Ἄρες, βροτολοιγὲ, μιαιφόνε, τειχεσιπλῆτα!

ILIAD, V. 31.

Stern Power of War! by whom the mighty fall;
Who bathe in blood! and ſhake the lofty wall.

POPE.

THE diſtant gleam of burniſh'd arms,
The diſſonant uncouth alarms,
Reſounding from afar,

* *Ode to War.*] The hint was taken from the following ſentence in Mercier's "Mon bonnet de nuit," a book publiſhed more than twenty years ago: "Ah! diſois je en "moi meme, quel ſera l'homme qui depouillera ce geant "de l'appareil qui ſemble l'ennoblir, pour ne laiſſer voir "que l'ogre hideux affamé de la chair des enfans, des "foibles, des innocents, et reſpirant avidement l'odeur du "carnage et de la mort, à travers l'eſpace des empires, et "la vaſte etendue du monde?" "Ah!" ſaid I to myſelf, "who will be the man to ſtrip this giant of the ornaments which ſeem to give him an air of grandeur, ſo as "to leave expoſed to the eye the hideous cannibal monſter, hungering after the fleſh of the infant, the weak, "the innocent, and eagerly ſnuffing the ſmell of carnage "and death through the bounds of empires and vaſt expanſe of the earth?"

The

The drum's, the fife's, the trumpet's voice,
With ſullen, ſhrill, vain-glorious noiſe,
Announce th' approach of war.

Pride, pomp, and finery, in vain
Thy perſon deck, adorn thy train,
To dazzle wond'ring eyes;
For, when attentively ſurvey'd,
A monſter thou in maſquerade,
They furies in diſguiſe.

In vain a helmet, large and tight,
Attempts to ſhelter from the fight
Thy brutal length of jaw:
Nor can thy ſabre's baſket-hilt,
Tho' ribbon-wreath'd, and double-gilt,
Conceal the tiger-paw.

See Death, in crimſon ſuit array'd,
His ſcythe now ſhorten'd to a blade,
Triumphant leads the van!
Pillage, far finer than the reſt!
Cunning, pontifically dreſt!
Wild expeditions plan.

The ſpruce attire of thoſe they lead,
Their march to muſic o'er the mead,
Is nothing but decoy;

In other ſounds, in other ſights,
His ſavage ear and eye delights,
Not military joy.

Pleas'd he beholds th' enſanguin'd plain,
Strew'd with the mutilated ſlain;
Pleas'd, liſtens to the cry
Of thoſe, ſpar'd by the fatal lead,
Who, toſſing on Diſeaſe's bed,
Complain they do not die.

Where was the fooliſh artiſt found,
Thy brow who firſt with laurel bound?
And the firſt poet where,
Who thy exploits rehears'd in ſong?
Where the firſt prieſt who durſt prolong
To Mars an impious pray'r?

Offspring of Satan! when thy ſire,
Urg'd by his unabating ire,
Laſt let thee looſe on man,
With his hot hand he ſtroak'd thy fur,
And thus to his impatient cur,
His exhortation ran:—

"Mankind, by viſionaries taught,
Bewilder'd from exceſs of thought,
Preſumptuouſly complain;

Per-

Perfection would to earth recal *,
Be what they were before the fall,
A Paradiſe regain:

" Com-

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* *Perfection would to earth recal.*] Had circumſtances permitted to take all the ſcope, which the ſubject required, this argument had not been introduced here. A difference of opinion, as to the *perfectibility* of man, ſeems to be the real ſource of the conteſt which at preſent deſolates Europe, and threatens to go much farther, if not ſtopped by a Reform of Striking Abuſes every where, and a conſtant attention to prevent the renewal of them, which is the only method; Force can at beſt do but for a time.

It were much for the real advantage of Kings, and the Miniſters of Kings, to purſue this method, and, inſtead of ſupporting, to ſhake off the dead weight of the few who are intereſted to oppoſe it.

The queſtion of perfectibility is arduous, complicated, and obſcure. It deſerves a chapter in proſe, in which will be conſidered, the perfection-ſyſtem of ſome modern philoſophers, particularly that of Mr Godwin, who has far outrun his predeceſſors. He ſays (V. II. p. 822, 4to edition) that half an hour a day, ſeriouſly employed in manual labour, by every member of the community, would ſufficiently ſupply the whole with neceſſaries; and that the intervals of agriculture " might ſuffice, in a ſimple ſtate of " ſociety, for the fabrication of tools, for weaving, and the " occupation of Tailors, Bakers, and *Butchers*."—Shambles and Perfection compatible! This ſuggeſtion may ſuffice of itſelf, to point out to every reader of reflection, the difficulty and hinge of the queſtion, viz. Whether *evil* does not

" Compaſſion ev'n to brutes expreſs,
Would make th' enormous burden leſs,
The bloody meal refrain;
At leaſt, if Nature has decreed
That they muſt prematurely bleed,
Would mitigate their pain.

" Amphibious elf! in whom unite
The fox's guile and giant's might,
Thy various powers diſplay;
Now with reſiſtleſs force deſtroy,
And now perfidiouſly decoy,
By land, by ſea, thy prey:

" Demoliſh with the pond'rous ball
The city's ſtrong and ſtately wall,
The buildings with the bomb;
And, diſregarding ſex and age,
Render it, in thy ſtorming rage,
A ruin and a tomb.

" Uproot the vine, the ſugar-cane,
Devour the flocks, the fruits, the grain,
Which careful culture rears;—

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not radically and unalterably enter into the ſyſtem of this world? It ought alſo to baniſh, or at leaſt abate, that perſonal animoſity, on account of contrariety of ſentiment, ſo unworthy of many of thoſe who harbour it.

But

But be thy fav'rite dainty food
The youthful hero's gen'rous blood,
And quench thy thirſt with tears.

" In queſt of *Commerce* eager run,
Commerce, old Ocean's darling ſon,
Him hunt on every ſhore;
'Gainſt him thy privateers let ſlip,
And, in thy line-of-battle ſhip,
The angry waves outroar.

" If ſome, abhorrent from the fight,
Should, or by artifice or flight,
Elude thee or fatigue,
Famine, aſſiſtant, ſhall attend,
The South his yellow plague ſhall lend,
In triple dreadful league.

" From her tribunal Juſtice chaſe,
Set party-ſpirit in her place
(His views with mine accord;)
In rage he ſhall the balance break,
From his fierce eyes the bandage ſhake,
And only uſe the ſword.

" Soon fonder of the guillotine,
Whate'er by thee unreap'd, ſhall glean
Extinguiſh'd Europe's race!

Save

Save with contrition they implore
Their pitying God, and he once more
Command that havoc ceaſe.

" But ſo implacable the hate,
That the repentance muſt be late;
Thou long with them ſhalt dwell
For years ſhalt gratify thy friends,
Men metamorphoſing to fiends,
Earth to another hell."

The leſſon ended, and away,
His curs'd inſtruction to obey,
The tutor'd felon ſped;
Preſaging Earth, as he drew nigh,
Shook in convulſive agony,
And Peace and Mercy fled—

—Fled to the bliſsful realms above,
Whence the Creator in his love,
Commiſſion'd them below:
Return'd, for man they kindly plead.—
May their ſweet eloquence ſucceed,
At laſt to quell the foe.

Far firmer than the Cretan's wings *,
Which melted (ſo the Mantuan ſings,)
Expos'd to ſolar heat;

* *The Cretan's wings,*] ICARUS, whoſe wings were faſtened to his ſide with wax. *Virg. Æneid.* vi. *Ovid, Metamor.*

His

His waft him quickly to an iſle,
Where erſt, when pauſing from his toil,
He wonted to retreat.

Such predilection not of yore,
To Paphos or Cythera bore
The partial Queen of Love;
To Delos, not Latona's ſon,
Nor ſo had wealthy Carthage won
The ſiſter-ſpouſe of Jove.

Well to deſcribe the waſte and woe,
Wrought by the hell-directed foe,
Herculean nerves muſt fail;
My tongue would faulter to recite,
My trembling hand refuſe to write,
The ſhocking, ſhameful tale.

Ev'n if an effort for a while
Could ſenſibility beguile,
And but an outline trace;
The tears I hardly could ſuſpend,
Would, overpow'ring ere the end,
Th' unfiniſh'd ſketch efface.

ADDRESS

TO THE

POWERS AT WAR.

WRITTEN IN 1796.

Quid miseros toties in aperta pericula civis
Projicis, O Latio caput horum et causa malorum?
Nulla salus bello: PACEM TE POSCIMUS OMNES.
VIRG. ÆN. XI. 360.

WHILE yet some vigour in my veins,
Ere Age, that gradual on me gains,
Unwelcome gifts bestow;
The treble voice, the palsied hand,
The limbs that totter as they stand,
And locks that mimic snow.

Though under skies oft overcast,
Where reigns the East's rheumatic blast,
And floods untimely fall,
By indignation's zeal inspir'd,
And by the noble subject fir'd,
To warring Pow'rs I call;

The

The Muſe's melody invoke,
To ſing what millions long have ſpoke,
  Its energy increaſe;—
But unaſſiſted, all alone,
Not leſs undaunted were my tone,
  As advocate for Peace.

Truth, ſo far like her rival Fame *,
At firſt a tiny, timid Dame,
  With puny pace proceeds;
Oft under Error's blows ſhe ſmarts,
Oft pierc'd by Perſecution's darts,
  She falls, ſhe faints, ſhe bleeds;

Till Time, her ſlow but ſtedfaſt friend,
With wings and ſcythe, come to defend
  From overpow'ring foes.
By him ſupported in her courſe,
At every ſtep ſhe gathers force,
  And to a Goddeſs grows:

---

* Truth, *ſo far like her rival* Fame,] See the celebrated deſcription of her in Virgil, Æneid IV. 174.

Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo,
Parva metu primo, mox ſeſe adtollit in auras,
Ingrediturque ſolo, et caput inter nubila condit.

Stronger in voice, tho' ſweeter far,
Than the hoarſe bellowing God of War,
In front ſhe matches Jove;
Minerva in the eagle-eye,
In beauty may with Venus vie,
In comelineſs with Love.

Then Prejudice, Deception then,
Are hunted from the haunts of men,
To dark oblivion hurl'd;
Victorious every where ſhe flies,
Bids Juſtice reign, bids Merit riſe,
Illumes and rules the world.

Should thoſe who guide my Country's pow'r,
Diſdainful on theſe ſtanzas low'r,
The proffer'd counſel ſpurn;
Proud, from a ſenſe of rectitude,
My object univerſal good,
I the contempt return.

Propitious rather let them hear,
Impartiality revere,
The peaceful project weigh;
Nor fear I mean to ſhake the State,
Or that th' unruly Democrate
Can profit by the lay.

* * * * * *

O ye!

O ye! who countleſs legions bring
To fields where renovated Spring
In early bloom is found,
Before the battle's ſignal giv'n,
Survey a while the face of Heav'n,
And yet unbloody ground :---

Averted, do not ſeek to ſhun
The ſight of that aſcending Sun,
But on him fondly gaze ;
With god-like grandeur ſee him riſe,
What ſplendour in the kindling ſkies!
What glory in his rays!

The heathen uninſtructed crowd
To him idolatrouſly bow'd,
Or Fire for him ador'd ;
No wonder they who felt his courſe,
Was both of light and food the ſource,
Miſtook him for his lord.

Unwearied he from clime to clime,
The great chronologer of time,
Purſues his arduous way ;
And tho' th' unthinking nothing hear,
Thus, to the philoſophic ear,
Exclaims the ſtar of day :---

" He

" He who from Chaos faſhion'd Earth,
And bowl'd her, when he gave her birth,
'Mongſt planetary ſpheres,
Meant (all his attributes proclaim)
A happy, favour'd orb to frame,
And not a vale of tears.

" But Prieſtcraft and Oppreſſion's rod,
Combine to thwart the will of God;
Ambition too conſpires;
And while they rule in purple robe,
From the dup'd, deſolated globe,
Felicity retires."

Muſt his perverted influence,
Thirſt, fever, and fatigue diſpenſe
To that embattl'd plain?
So that innoxious but the beam,
That ſerves to make the weapon gleam,
Or putrify the ſlain.

Obſerve how in the ſheltering grove
Enamour'd ſongſters warble love,
How flowers to Zephyr wave;
The ſoldier's dirge mean thoſe to chaunt,
Theſe did the hand of Nature plant,
To grace his wretched grave.

The

The offspring of the lowing race,
No more with aukward frolic pace,
Accompanies his dam;
No more the feeling eye delights
That pleaſanteſt of rural ſights,
The kneeling, ſucking lamb:

They and their parents from the green,
To ſtore the nauſeous magazine,
Robb'd of a happy life;
The young, the middle-ag'd, the old,
All bought with the contractor's gold,
That whets the butcher's knife.

The nobleſt animal, the horſe,
Fit for the carriage or the courſe,
Compell'd his field to quit,
To drag along, with panting breath,
The heavy miniſters of death,
Reluctant, muſt ſubmit;

Or, by the cavalier beſtrode,
And, catching ſpirit from his load,
From harmleſs, warlike grown;
Behold him paw, and fretful prance,
Keen 'gainſt his fellows to advance,
With fury not his own.

But

But chiefly view that iron ſcene,
Where thick battalions hide the green,
With tactic art arrang'd;
To be, when hiſſing bullets ſmite,
Or cloſe the criſis of the fight,
How lamentably chang'd!

From the recruits, a motley band,
The nice diſcriminating hand,
Cull'd ſtature, health, and force;
Theſe to devouring War conſign'd,
And left diſeaſe and health behind,
For reproduction's ſource.

Selection, fatal to the race,
That muſt degenerate apace,
In time may wholly fail;
Perſpective that my ſoul delights—
For, tyrant-man extinct, the rights
Of outrag'd brutes prevail.

Uncurs'd with reaſon or with pride,
Inſtinct, their never-erring guide,
They Nature's laws fulfill;
He, by factitious paſſions fir'd,
Employs the talents ſhe inſpir'd,
To counteract her will:

Aſſiſts

Aſſiſts deſtruction, ſtifles birth,
Diſpeoples and disfigures earth,
His wants like Hydra riſe;
Their cravings conſtantly torment,
He paſſes life in diſcontent,
And yet unwilling dies.

Electric ſtrife in high abodes,
When from colliſion it explodes,
Conducted by no ſkill;
Oft humbles with a random ſtroke,
The tow'ring ſpire, or giant-oak,
But ſeldom ſtoops to kill.

Its chymic imitator, Art,
Can with preciſe direction dart,
Its bolts at pleaſure ſhape;
Alike the brave and coward fall,
The diſtant ſlaughter'd by the ball,
The nearer by the grape.

Yet theſe tremendous tubes of braſs,
The ſlender inſtruments ſurpaſs,
Which weakeſt ſhoulders rear;
By each is double miſchief done,
It fires, preſented, as a gun;
Puſh'd, pierces as a ſpear.

Gaul! you firſt taught the graphic art
Quick information to impart,
The human bird to ſoar,
Dare, in the gas-inflated orb,
The ſleeping thunder to diſturb,
And wond'ring clouds explore.

Sublime diſcoveries, that claim
The plaudits of approving Fame,
But never can atone,
For the inſatiate Guillotine,
Or War's moſt murderous machine,
The weapon of Bayonne.

They, whom their deſtiny has led,
To die on Honour's crimſon-bed,
No trifling boon obtain;
If ſtopp'd at once ſome vital part,
If the big bullet burſt the heart,
Or diſſipate the brain.

For they, extended on the ground,
Struck by an undeciſive wound,
Muſt lingering agonize;
From their torn veins life's currents pour,
Faint, thirſty, ſuccour they implore,
With diſregarded cries.

Diſ-

Diſtracted in the furious fray,
Contending for the doubtful day,
And all compaſſion fled,
Ev'n their companions paſs them by,
And crowds that or purſue or fly,
Unheeding on them tread.

Not ſo the kind ſagacious ſteed,
His eye marks where the wounded bleed,
(To Man ſevere reproof)
His ſtep he regulates with care,
That to the proſtrate he may ſpare
The preſſure of his hoof.

While thus encountering hoſts engage,
And all Bellona's terrors rage,
Death claps his ſable wings;
Exulting hovers o'er the plain,
And, careleſs who the battle gain,
He his *te-deum* ſings.

Ye continental Kings! beware;
The deep and dubious game forbear,
The fateful feud compoſe;
Think what the iſſue, if you fail,
And balance in an equal ſcale
Your forces and your foes.

Say which from principle enroll'd,
And which ſeduc'd by crimps, or gold?
The candid anſwer make:
Your troops by that criterion try'd,
War, as the queſtion you decide,
Continue or forſake.

Th' enthuſiaſt nation, right or wrong,
Is ſupernaturally ſtrong,
By no defeat diſmay'd;
Superior ſtrength and ſkill it braves,
Unleſs its force by fools or knaves
Miſmanag'd, or betray'd.

Can you arreſt the lava's tide,
Caſcading from the mountain's ſide,
That in combuſtion roars?
Or Ocean, when the tempeſt raves,
And his ungovernable waves
Daſh deluge on the ſhores?

If wild Fanaticiſm's zeal
Could on your anceſtors prevail
To join the mad cruſade,
To efforts of impaſſion'd mind
That moſt can dignify mankind
Muſt liberty perſuade.

Greece

Greece how enabl'd to reſiſt
Th' invaſive millions of the Eaſt,
To conquer nations Rome;
The Tranſatlantic planters how
The parent ſtate to diſavow,
And Freedom's flag aſſume:

Yet as o'er ſlaves they tyranniz'd,
Their ſpecies' rights they ſacrific'd,
The many to the few;
And were Republics but in name,
Exhibited by partial Fame,
As models to the view.

With them the citizens were kings,
The ſlaves not *perſons* deem'd, but *things*
Below the law's regard;
Hence every inſult, grief, and pain,
That pow'r and paſſion could ordain,
Th' abandon'd wretches ſhar'd.

Brutus ought to have hugg'd the chain,
Still leſs could Waſhington complain
Of Britain's ſtamping tax;
To Freedom's genuine feelings loſt
As each of ſlaves poſſeſs'd a hoſt,—
One whites, the other blacks.

But

But your antagoniſts proclaim
In ſyren ſongs a novel ſcheme,
  Adapted to bewitch;
At once it captivates the poor,
And will, they truſt, in time allure
  The worthy of the rich *.

Attentive liſten to complaint,
Appeaſe well-founded diſcontent,
  Reviſe, retrench, reform;
Sure means the diadem to guard,
Or to avert, or long retard
  The faſt-advancing ſtorm.

'Tis not the law-eſtabliſh'd throne,
But Oligarchy's ſway alone,
  Diſcuſſion's voice alarms;
That juſtly of reſearch afraid,
Reſorts to Superſtition's aid,
  And Perſecution arms.

The Monarch's and his People's rights,
Which common intereſt unites,
  Let no falſe friends divide;

* See Mr. Godwin's Inquiry, viii. 10. 2d edit.

Be

Be popularity your force,
Be population your reſource,
Proſperity your pride.

Prieſts bridle where they domineer,
They Genius curb in his career,
Except on Muſic's ground;
The Italian, and the German too,
Atteſt the propoſition true,
And ſhine enſlav'd in ſound.

So deſtin'd to perpetual night,
By the extinction of his ſight,
The Goldfinch tunes his throat;
Nature in pity helps his lay,
To recompenſe the loſs of day.
By melody of note.

For innovation men are ripe,
Where-e'er the workers of the type
Have rous'd them to reflect;
Injuſtice feel, abuſe perceive,
In monkiſh legends diſbelieve,
And fallacy detect.

Try to give all ſome eaſe and weight
That may attach them to the ſtate;
The dang'rous ferment quell;

Diſguſted

Diſguſted leſt they diſappear
To ſeek the happier hemiſphere,—
Not emigrant—rebel.
* * * * * *

Kings of the Continent, adieu!
I hitherto have counſell'd you,
And not my native land:
The plans ſhe did and does purſue,
What ſhe in future ought to do,
A ſpecial verſe demand.

But more expedient to delay
To probably no diſtant day
The intereſting ſcene,
Than that more terrible and true,
The dramatiſt of nature drew,
'Twixt Hamlet and the Queen*.

From expectation to reclaim,
And not propenſity to blame,
Paſt errors I repeat;
Come retroſpective and expand,
That miniature of ſea and land,
The geographic ſheet.

---

* See Hamlet, Act III. Scene 10.

Survey

Survey each quarter of the ſphere,
For nautic ſcience every where
Your force empow'rs to range;
Then recollect your conduct paſt,
That reſipiſcnce may at laſt
Effectuate a change.

Begin with Afric's ſable race;—
But 'twere ſuperfluous to trace
The ſlave's progreſſive woes;
For not Apollo's ſelf, in verſe,
So well the ſtory could rehearſe
As *Pitt* has done in proſe.

Deſpotic power, arch ſorcereſs!
More draſtic poiſons you poſſeſs
Than Circe's magic bowl;
She metamorphos'd but the ſhape,
You, that permitting to eſcape,
Unhumanize the ſoul*.

Th' impracticable taſk aſſign,
Inſtruct Injuſtice to combine
Barbarity with art;

* See the Odyſſey, Book X.

Not

Not men alone forbid to feel,
But harden with no common ſteel
The female planter's heart*.

Not the coincidence of ſex,
That oft deſerv'd chaſtiſement checks,
Her lawleſs laſh arreſts;
Nay, urg'd by her imperious cries,
The ſhock'd unwilling flogger plies
The thong againſt the breaſts.

She ſtands, the fury! in delight,
Her eyes regaling with a ſight
That Beelzebub would ſhun:
Great God! that ever woman could
See whip-extracted milk and blood
In hideous contraſt run.

But th' unſuſpecting negro-maid,
Whom force compell'd, or fraud betray'd,
To the kidnapping knave;
Tho' bitterly ſhe wept, when ſold,
Some conſolation took when told
She was a lady's ſlave.

---

* See Steadman's Voyages, lately publiſhed, particularly Vol. II. p. 293.

Can

Can Britons, who, with ſhudd'ring ear,
The horrible recital hear,
A ſpeedy change diſſuade;
Or balance to forego the juice,
Whoſe coſtly and too common uſe
Maintains the monſt'rous trade?

"How came (they'll cry) the candied cane,
From Nature's pencil to obtain
The whiteneſs of the ſnow?
Fit but the black, or crimſon dye,
Of carnage this the livery,
The habit that of woe.

From our diſguſted ſight begone,
Ye fragments of the luſcious cone,
That ſweeten bitter tea;
The blendid taſtes no more allure,
Unleſs Humanity procure,
The ſugar that is free."

Your Miniſter tho' I arraign,
And loudly of the War complain
He puſh'd you to purſue;
Yet, Heaven forbid! I ſhould not raiſe
My ſong to celebrate his praiſe,
Where praiſe is juſtly due.

Succeſsleſs---aye---but yet ſincere,
Such my conviction I declare,
And in the thought rejoice;
That when he pleaded for the ſlave,
'Twas then his noble "father's grave
"Did utter forth a voice."

Would he his pleaſure then compare
With pangs that now his boſom tear,
---Thanks to the *common* cauſe---
Stung by the poignant parallel,
Ev'n his obdurate heart muſt ſwell,
And ſigh for loſt applauſe.

O'er that broad blank next paſs your eye,
Till various iſlands you deſcry,
That cluſter in the ſea;
Marks monumental that atteſt
To the ſagacious naturaliſt
Earth's chief cataſtrophe*.

In that convulſion of the ſphere
That made Atlantis diſappear,
Vaſt victim of the flood!

---

* See Lettres Americaines, a tranſlation from Carli, printed at Boſton in 1788, and Raynal, B. X. in the beginning.

Pro-

Provok'd by elemental war,
Or pour'd from ſome erratic ſtar,
The ſtubborn mountains ſtood:

Reſiſted Inundation's ſweep,
O'ertopp'd the diſappointed deep,
While the devoted plain
Submitted to the wat'ry waſte,
And Unniformity effac'd
The varied, happy ſcene.

Here planters oft the cultur'd plains,
Swept by careering hurricanes,
With ſelfiſh tears deplore;
Perſiſt, ye ſcourges, in your range!
Your dreadful ravages avenge
The captive blackamoor.

So does the putrefactive ray,---
For here how could the god of day
His courſe indiff'rent run?
The air the beams paternal taint,
To ſicken ruffians who torment
The children of the ſun.

Miſtaken nations! that contend
For theſe diſtemper'd rocks, and ſend
Your force's choiceſt flow'r,

The

The yellow fever's maw to feaſt,
Than German war or Turkiſh peſt
More potent to devour!

Interrogate th' hiſtoric page
Of empires, where th' unheeded ſage
Bewails their falling fates;
And learn, that far-extended trade,
And diſtant conqueſts, have betray'd
The moſt exalted ſtates.

Some have not ſcrupl'd to conclude,
That more calamity than good
By navigation's wrought:
That more ſecure and happy he,
Whom not the nautilus, but bee,
Has by example taught.

Thy wonderful diſcoveries
Which ſuperficial thinkers prize,
Advent'rous Genoeſe!
On Indians brought the ſword of Spain,
On Africa the ſervile chain,
On Europe foul diſeaſe.

Nor juſt reproach can he eſcape
Who doubl'd firſt that ſtormy Cape,
And ſhow'd the wat'ry way,

Which

Which Pillage ever ſince purſues
To make of innocent Gentoos
An unreſiſting prey.

Ye Iſlands! ſcatter'd in the main,
That undetected yet remain,
Devoutly Heav'n implore,
To ſink, at leaſt miſlead, the ſhips
Which Europe's avarice equips
To ſearch each hidden ſhore.

Poſſeſſion of a golden fleece
Was what firſt coalition'd Greece;
Next Helen, Homer ſings;
A Cenotaph in Paleſtine
Againſt the Sultan to combine
Excited Chriſtian kings *.

No ſuch purſuits in after days
Enkindl'd war's conſuming blaze,
Not ev'n a Beauty's charms;
'Twas love of ſugar, coffee, ſnuffs,
Tea, ſpiceries, and painted ſtuffs,
That ſet the world in arms:

* See the beginning of Taſſo's Jeruſalem Delivered.

And muſt, till Error's ſway o'erpaſt,
Prevailing Reaſon has at laſt
  Her ſaviour light diſplay'd;
Convinc'd Mankind how much *they* err,
To Agriculture who prefer
  The fleeting gifts of Trade:

Or, till two rivals warfare ceaſe,
Who liſten now, thank Heav'n! to Peace,
  And cordially allied;
For Europe's int'reſt and their own,
The apples Diſcord's hand has thrown
  Impartially divide.

Nor ſtartle at the word "allied!"
Unleſs completely hate ſubſide,
  No good can Peace produce;
But, with redoubl'd virulence,
Hoſtility muſt recommence,
  Recruited by the truce *.

---

* See Campagnes de General Pichegru, lately publiſhed, p. 193—4. "Malgré vos intrigues, nous avons etabli un gouvernement. Prenez-y garde; ſi la ſageſſe peut le derigir dix ans de ſuite, vous n'en avez pas pour huit ans d'exiſtence."—"In ſpite of your intrigues, we have eſtabliſhed a government. If it be directed with wiſdom but for ten years, you have not eight to live."

Another

Another and ſeverer bout
Were worſe than now to fight it out;
And thus far argues well,
He who preſumes, in his proteſt,
Tho' he had miſconceiv'd the paſt,
The future to foretell:

Yet how, French monarchy reſtor'd,
Should permanence of peace afford,
Not ventures to declare.
If the attempt ſhould take affect,
I, as a prophet, too, predict
A more deſtructive war!

The moſt of Nature's favours made,
To huſbandry, at once, and trade,
Attention then applied;
And feuds and fears compos'd at length,
On you muſt fall the total ſtrength
Which parties now divide.

Unleſs, from juſt and generous views,
Ambition's offers both refuſe,
The tempting bait withſtand;
And, reſolute Mankind to ſpare,
Between them Moderation ſhare
The ocean and the land.

Allied, the globe they may direct,
And nobler purpoſes effect
For univerſal good;
And, by the welfare of mankind,
Their intereſts promoted find,
So long miſunderſtood.

Both nations have, from time to time,
Heard maſters of the *true ſublime*
Enforce the grand advice;
But wiſdom ſeems extravagance,
And magnanimity romance,
To ſhallow Cunning's eyes.

That meaſure had you followed, when
A raſh and an abuſive pen
Brought on the dire diſpute;
The ſlaughter had been ſav'd and coſt,
Such that both lives and money loſt
By millions men compute *.

Irre-

* Hear the temperate and ſenſible author of the Letters from France, printed at London 1793, Vol. IV. p. 216.— "But there is another reproach of more importance to be "made to Mr Burke: it is, that, in all probability, *his pre-* "*dictions*, and thoſe of the writers who followed him on "the ſame ſide in France, *were, in a great meaſure, the* "*cauſes of the evils they foretold.* Mr Burke predicted "the death of Louis XVI. at a time when not a human "being

Irrevocable is the paſt,
And o'er it let a veil be caſt,
  And Hiſtory implor'd,
The fatal *phrenzy* to omit;
Or, if it be already writ,
  To blot out the record.

" being in France had ſuch an idea in his mind; and the " eloquent and ſpecious deſcription he gave of the imagin- " ary diſgrace and diſtreſs of royalty, moſt certainly had a " conſiderable effect on the mind of that unfortunate " prince, and ſtill more on that of the queen and the per- " ſons of her court.—*But for Mr Burke and his aſſociates* " *in France, it is highly probable Louis XVI. might now* " *have been reigning peaceably on his throne.* I do not " mean to accuſe their intentions, but I am warranted to " ſay, that their writings contributed at once to render the " court diſcontented with the revolution, and the nation " ſuſpicious of the court. Of conſequence, they had a " great ſhare in producing the calamities of the monarch " and his unfortunate family."

In p. 145, he had obſerved, " It may flatter the vanity " of this fanciful writer, to know that his work has been " ſtudied by queens, and kings, and princes, and cavaliers; " but this vanity will be tempered with ſome ſlight remorſe, " when he is aſſured that he is often *curſed* by theſe de- " luded victims, as one amongſt the authors of their miſ- " fortunes. To have injured the cauſe he meant to defend, " was not in his intention; yet ſuch unhappily has been " the effect, which *I do not ſtate from report*, ſince many " in the unfortunate claſs of ſufferers from the ſavage laws " of national baniſhment, *have given me* repeated inſtances " of the deluſion."

VERSES

VERSES

ON THE

IMPROVEMENTS OF THE PRESENT AGE.

WRITTEN IN 1791.

Prisca juvent alios, ego me nunc denique natum
Gratulor. OVID.

From peeviſhneſs, or pious rage,
Let others ſtigmatize the age,
And ancient manners praiſe;
Unprejudic'd, I thank my fate,
That launch'd me into life ſo late,
And not in former days.

See, in the other hemiſphere,
Her ſplendid banner, Freedom rear,
Victorious as ſhe ſings;
In France ſee, by a ſudden blow,
While Prince and Prieſt are both laid low,
Philoſophers are kings.

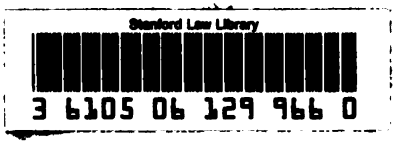
Direct

Direct your view next to the east,
Where brutal Turks in vain resist,
The great Czarina's pow'r;
Mistaken statesmen may oppose,
But soon she'll vanquish all her foes,
And long lost Greece restore.

Think next, what eloquence display'd,
What persevering efforts made,
The Slave-trade to suppress:
Nay more, that statutes we enact
The beast of burden to protect,
And make his labour less.

We dine, we dance, at midnight hours,
Many a fortune play devours,
And wives are oft untrue:
But th' imperfections of our day,
'Tis evident we much outweigh,
By virtues that are new.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.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